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LITTLE FALLS.



very placid river, having to accomplish a descent of some thirteen feet, does it in three little falls, which are so comic in their littleness that they become a source of pleasantries. Whenever the passing tourist, who was stopping at Little Falls, asked for the falls, these tiny cataracts were pointed out to him with grim composure. One can imagine the

Central Railroad, were both blasted out of the solid rock; and the contractors must have shed tears over their tasks, for the limestone is intensely hard, and yields to the persuasive efforts of the drill most reluctantly. So thoroughly did the inhabitants of the township appreciate the stony na-

astonishment of a Frenchman who might visit here after seeing the sublimity of Niagara, the romantic beauty of Trenton Falls, the rush of many waters at Cohoes, the towering height of Genesee, not to mention Oriskany, and other places of less note. He would undoubtedly consider himself the victim of a practical joke, and would leave the town in anger, with a determination to remember it in his diary in the most sarcastic French. When the place was a village, the inhabitants thought the joke was on the stranger. But, when the water-power began to be utilized, and the village grew into a town, they felt that the joke was on themselves. So they changed the name to Rocktown. But the neighbors round about were not to be cheated out of their standing joke, so they refused to recognize the new name; and, after a gallant struggle, the Littlefallians acquiesced and accepted the burden of the name. There was a consolation in the thought that, if the falls were small, they were extremely lucrative, for they furnish power to a great many facto-

LITTLE FALLS, upon the Mohawk River, is one of the rockiest places in the universe. If there were no marks of civilization around, a solitary traveler, wending his way among the piles of limestone, might well be pardoned for believing himself to be in Arabia Petrea. The deep bed of the Erie Canal, and the permanent way of the New-York

ture of their lot, that they petitioned the Legislature of New York to change their name to Rocktown. The Legislature consented, and Rocktown became the legal name of the place. But it takes two to make a bargain, and the inhabitants of Little Falls had reckoned without their neighbors. The place had gained its first name because the Mohawk, usually a

ries, both woolen and cotton, besides other miscellaneous industries.

It is strange that the town alone should be rocky. Above the falls the Mohawk is placid as ever, the canal dreaming away on one side, and the locomotives snoring along on the other. Three miles below the falls the Mohawk resumes its usual placidity, meandering on through the meadows, and listening with soothed maternal ear to the plaintive music of the bulrushes that adorn its banks. The question naturally arises, Whence comes this sudden burst of round hills, covered with pines, and of steep, almost perpendicular cliffs rising up and overhanging the town? For such is the fact. Within the space of three miles all is rock. The Mohawk runs in the centre of a valley, having, on one side, the gradual slope of Burwell Hill, and, on the other, the Erie Canal, behind which the Rollaway rises with a precipitous height of many hundred feet. Indeed, in many places it is so steep that nothing will grow upon it, save, here and there, a tuft of grass, or a cluster of barebells, waving saucily in the wind. At the commencement of the town the river, and the canal, and the railway, run side by side. But, at the place where is the first dam, the river sheers to the left, and an island is formed between it and the canal, which goes straight forward, and flows placidly under the tremendous cliffs of the Rollaway, though its quiet soul is somewhat vexed by multitudinous locks. This island is studded with factories, and, at the same time, with masses of rock, which rise up everywhere with a peculiar and weird aspect. One of them bears a quaint resemblance, in its jagged outlines, to three human faces, and has been surnamed the Profile Rock; but the resemblance has, I think, been aided a little by efforts of the contractor who did the blasting. On the opposite bank of the river, a passage for the railroad has been blasted out of the solid rock, which here rises up in terraces to the top of Burwell Hill. These terraces have been somewhat blunted by the effacing touch of Time, and the present general effect is that of a green-bound hill, with spots here and there where the sandstone strata crop up and show where the ledges used to be before disintegration had clothed the sterile sides with a pleasant mantle of turf. As far as the rock is concerned, the question whence it came may be answered by a glance at a good map, which will show that the Rollaway is the last wave of the Adirondack Hills, which, by some huge upheaval in the prehistoric times, disturbed the pleasant meadows of the Mohawk, and compelled the mother-river to unseemly jumping and brawling, and contests with obtruding rocks. The valley, however, was formed by the Mohawk, without a doubt. In the prolonged contest with the hills thrown suddenly in her way, the river swelled to a lake; and, as the greatest resistance was near the Rollaway, the side was cut precipitously. Where the resistance was less, the hill was cut away in terraces corresponding with the diminished height of the river, as the waters fought their way through the outlet they had made for themselves at the other end of the Rollaway. The town has faithfully followed the plan of the river, only inverting it. At

first it was simply a cluster of houses on the island. Then, as it increased, it developed itself upon the terraces of Burwell Hill, until now it has reached half-way up, and the residence of Mr. Burwell is actually within a hundred yards of the pine-covered summit. At the same time, the ground at the foot of the Rollaway has been settled, and a circular road has been built to its summit.

In the spirited sketch of Harry Fenn the foreground is very near the summit of the Rollaway, and therefore hides the "Lover's Leap," a precipitous height, only a hundred feet above the canal. Here is a cluster of cottages—the last are on passes going up the cliff. One of these is built very close to the brink. There is a legend that two Dutch lovers here, who were prevented from marrying because their fathers were enemies, took the dire resolution of leaping from the height clasped in each other's arms. This was long before the days of the Erie Canal, and the story goes that the man was dashed to pieces, but that the girl escaped with simple fracture of both her arms, and that she recovered, and married the husband of her father's choice, and was a happy wife and mother. She must occasionally have dreamed of that leap, and it must have spoiled her appetite each time for a few days. There is, close by, a spring gushing from the hill-side, which is called the Lovers' Spring. I do not know whether the couple of the story took a long drink there before they leaped, but I am satisfied that it deserves its name whether or not, for the walk up the Rollaway is a favorite haunt of lovers, where the wild strawberries and the sweet one-berries carpet the ground and load the air with their fragrance, and thousands have taken deep draughts of love and water out of the tin cup, and left a kiss within it furtively, as rare old Ben Jonson has it. The road winds up and up in ever-winding curves, among sweet-smelling pines and various evergreens, until at last one gets to the half-way place, which commands a splendid view of the town. The descent is in small ledges about a foot broad, and it is possible for an agile climber to get down, though it is four hundred feet, and so bare that there is nothing to seize hold upon. But a lady of nerve attempted the feat last summer, and succeeded, being followed all the way by a faithful Scotch terrier, who whimpered terribly, but would not leave his mistress. It was a superb exhibition of pluck and steadiness, but it was objectless unless it was done to convince some gentlemen that ladies have as much cool courage as men. As all wise men believe this implicitly, the lady did too much honor to some doubting Thomas. The view of the town from this point is exceedingly picturesque. One cannot see the canal, because it is immediately beneath, but the factories on the island, the gleaming waters of the troubled Mohawk, and the streets of the pleasant town, rising tier upon tier on Burwell Hill, are all before one, spread out in a superb panorama. But the snaky road invites still further aspect, though one would fain linger, lying supine on the turf beneath a shady pine shedding delicious odors, and exchanging lazy comments with some fair lady gifted with a feeling for the picturesque. Up,

still up we go, until at length we come to the summit, where are broad stretches of pasture-land, over which wander cows that may or may not be harmless, but that always look as if their calves had just been taken away, and they were nourishing deep hatred against the whole human family. Gliding quietly among these bovines, we reach a spot which looks to the westward and commands a view of the whole country for many miles. And here we see the canal, the river, and the railroad, running side by side in peace and harmony, save that the river looks down upon the canal, as a robber and a usurper, who has stolen her springs; and the canal is somewhat troubled by the superior speed of the locomotives. How different the scene from the view at the half-way halting-place! There every thing breathed trouble and turmoil. The river brawled, the locomotives screamed with all their lungs on rounding the curve, the chimneys of the houses kept puffing out volumes of blue smoke, the people hustled like insects through the streets, the buggies crawled along the tow-path, which is just visible, though the canal could not be seen. Even the sunbeams were seized with a fit of abnormal activity, and played a thousand antics among the windows of the factories. But here all is peace, and the meadows stretch out on either side like green couches inviting to slumber or to listless enjoyment of the *dolce far niente*. Even the sunbeams are tamed, and sleep upon the placid bosom of the Mohawk, and gild with glory the rude sides of the canal-boats creeping along ever so gently.

From the top of Burwell Hill there is a view of the Mohawk gliding to the eastward, once more unruffled, and with all her griefs forgotten. The rocks are all left behind, and the odious flumes and passages through which her waters have been driven are gloomy things, making the present brightness still more ecstatic. Again the bulrushes grow in the fat corn that edges the banks, and sing their sorrowful complainings to their mother-river, about the base neglect of the too wanton wind. Again the birds come and sip at the brink, and tell the Mohawk all the gossip of the place, and how that fat brindle that was in the pasturage so long has been taken away, and, it is greatly feared, has been slaughtered, for a friendly dog saw the operation, and has been howling with anguish every night since. Again, the mowing-machines sound in the distant fields, and the boys come a-fishing, and hunt the respectable frogs who live in the bulrushes, and are so much beloved on account of their fine voices and choral efforts. The dragon-flies dart about, chopping off the heads of giddy flies with their sabre-arm, making a sound like the twang of a guitar-string. The butterflies flirt with the clover-blossoms, and tease the bees, who are business people, and don't understand such foolishness. All is happiness, and the river is so cheerful that the shadow of the new suspension-bridge, at the end of the rock, and the commencement of the pastoral stage, does not give her the least offense. Even the flogging of the canal is forgiven.

RODOLPHE E. GARCYSSEL.

AUNT LYDIA.

HAVING finished our simple meal, my old friend pushed her cup aside and leaned back in her chair with her usual serene and contented mien.

I arose, pulled the bell, and, as the servant cleared the table, I, too, made myself comfortable in an arm-chair, and for the hundredth time let my eyes wander about the cozy little room.

It was elegantly but simply furnished, without any effort at display—like the occupant, with her wealth of white hair, her full and expressive eyes, and her well-preserved teeth, who sat opposite me and watched me with a smile, as if I fancied, from the old family portraits on the walls to the writing-desk with its innumerable pigeon-holes, to the sewing-table near the window, then to the larger table in the corner, laden with books and magazines, and so on, from one object to another, until finally my eyes rested on a fancy inlaid box that was near me.

"What is my little, restless inquisitor looking for in this modest apartment?" asked the old lady.

"It is so comfortable here, so different from what it is in all other houses! There is no place I like so much to be as with you, Aunt Lydia!" said I, giving her a title that love and not relationship justified. "But," I added, as my eyes, as if by accident, fell on the inlaid box, "did you not promise me that I might look through your little collection of *souvenirs* again to-day?"

My old friend nodded an affirmative, and I sprang up and placed the box on the table before me. For a long time I rummaged in its contents, now finding a rare stone with a monogram cut on it, now a miniature-portrait in a costly frame; and each object recalled to Aunt Lydia some reminiscence of the friend from whom she had received it—in most cases in her youth. While I was thus occupied I suddenly discovered that there was a compartment in the cover, which had previously escaped my notice. I soon found the spring; it yielded to a gentle pressure, the partition flew open, and out fell a diminutive package wrapped carefully in a bit of faded silk.

I glanced triumphantly at Aunt Lydia; but as I looked up she leaned quickly forward, making a gesture as though she would have me desist. There was something in the movement that startled me, and I hastened to replace the little package and close the box. As I did so, Aunt Lydia drew it toward her, reopened it, took out the package, and, with a trembling hand, undid its silken wrappings.

It was a bunch of dried violets, together with a beautifully-executed picture in water-colors, representing them as they had been when fresh.

"How beautiful!" I exclaimed. "Who painted them?"

A melancholy smile stole over the wrinkled face of Aunt Lydia as she replied: "I painted them, as a happy child of eighteen!"

A scarcely audible sigh and a slight tremulousness of tone told me that they recalled painful recollections. "The sight of them

makes you sad," said I. "We will put them back."

"Sad!" said she; "oh, no, not sad. These objects recall to my recollection many a happy hour; and, if time and grief have rendered the bright hopes of my youth like these withered flowers, the remembrance of those hours is still as bright and fresh in my memory as are the colors in this little picture."

I did not venture to ask, and yet how I wished to hear the history of these remembrances! My old friend seemed to read my thoughts. "Well, Elsa," said she, "would you like me to give you another chapter to-day of the story of my life? Shall I tell you of the three days which these violets recall so vividly to my recollection?"

"If you will, aunt," I replied, and, as I sat down on the stool at her feet, she leaned back in her chair, and, clasping her hands in her lap, she began:

It is just noon on a bright spring day. The birds chirp and twitter gayly among the flowering branches, and the butterflies flutter lazily to and fro in the warm mid-day sun; there are light and life everywhere.

At an open window on the garden side of a stately mansion there sits a young girl. She may be eighteen or nineteen; a cheerful expression, a pure heart, and the freshness of youth, are all the personal charms of which she can boast. But the little figure at the window, who for the time has forgotten the outer world over Hauff's fairy-tales, is the possessor of what, in the eyes of the world, is more than physical beauty—a great name and a very considerable fortune. She has, however, the great misfortune to be an orphan. The slim, pale lady yonder on the sofa, and the spare gentleman behind his newspaper, are the only relations of the young girl, and with them, since leaving school, she has found a home.

"Well, Lydia," began the lady, laying the poodle she had in her lap on the sofa, "have you considered Baron Walldorf's proposal?"

Lydia looked up, shook the curls off her forehead with an air of slight impatience, and replied: "Why, aunt, I think I have already told you that I do not love the baron, and, consequently, will not marry him."

"But he is so very eligible," remonstrated the lady, and the gentleman behind the newspaper nodded his concurrence. "What can you have against the baron? He is young, handsome, thoroughly well-bred—"

"One of the best bred of men," interrupted Lydia, "but I am sure I could never have any affection for him." And she returned to her book, and soon seemed to be so absorbed in its contents as not to hear the conversation of her relations, the theme of which was the estates and income of the baron. Nevertheless her eyes wandered from time to time from her book to the clock on the mantel, which now marked ten minutes after twelve. At this moment a servant entered the room and announced—

"Herr Volkmar, baroness!"

Lydia threw her book quickly aside, and in two bounds was at the door; then, passing through a hall, she entered an elegantly-fur-

nished room, that evidently served as her boudoir.

"Have I kept you waiting, Herr Volkmar?" she asked a handsome young man, whose eyes were fixed intently on a picture he held in his hands, and that he had taken from an easel which stood before him.

"Not at all, mein Fräulein," he replied, turning his large, blue eyes toward the young girl; "I have just been making some slight changes in the shadows of your little picture, and admiring your bunch of violets. There is hardly any difference in the color," he added, comparing a bunch he had in his button-hole with the picture.

"Then you are satisfied? Do you know this is the first word of praise you have ever given me? The only way I had of discovering whether you were pleased was, by the expression of your eyes."

And she looked up smiling at her teacher, whose mild yet manly face was crimson with blushes.

"I always admired your talent," he replied, "but now, that I see you even surpass my expectations, I cannot—should not, perhaps—refrain from telling you what you yourself doubtless know, that your talent is something far above the ordinary."

"I thank you," replied the young girl, frankly, as she reached out her hand. "You do not know how your commendation pleases me! I love art, and the hours I spend before my easel are my happiest."

"You may thank your better fortune that you are not compelled to cultivate your taste for art under those adverse circumstances, which often degrade it to mere drudgery. May Heaven protect you from these in the future as in the past!" he added, as he placed a chair before the easel for Lydia, and began to prepare her colors for her.

"What is the meaning of this?" she asked. "You are so serious, so unlike yourself, to-day!"

Volkmar made no reply, but reached his pupil her brushes, and took his accustomed place behind her chair.

There was a pause, during which nothing was heard but the chirping of the birds in the garden, and the steady pattering of the fountain under the window.

"I would have these shadows a little deeper," said Volkmar, finally breaking silence. "So. Now a little more light at this point. That, you will see, will materially heighten the effect. Allow me!" And he took the brush from his pupil's hand, and made the necessary corrections himself.

Lydia, meantime, leaned back in her chair and contemplated the regular profile of the young man as he bent over the picture.

When he handed back the brush and returned to his place, she asked:

"Are you, then, determined not to say anything to-day? And we have so many unfinished battles on hand! This silent—melancholy, I was going to say—mood of yours is, of all moods, the most uninteresting."

"I certainly have great reason to rejoice at the prospect before me," said he, with a sigh, "and yet I think of it with a heavy heart."

As he said this, he turned and looked into the garden. The light must have hurt his eyes, for more than once he put his hand to them. Lydia felt a slight tremor in all her limbs as she remained silent. Volkmar, after some moments, turned, and, fixing his eyes on her with an expression full of tenderness and melancholy, he added, in a low, tremulous tone:

"My journey is decided upon; this will be our last lesson!"

Lydia's heart threatened to stand still, and then, apparently to make amends, beat so hard that it wellnigh took away her breath.

"So, then, you are really going," she replied, and her voice sounded so strangely that she hardly recognized it; "are really going to Italy—to the land of your dreams and longings! I congratulate you with all my heart!" she added, reaching out her hand, but without looking up, lest he should see the tears that filled her eyes. Volkmar took her trembling hand and pressed it to his lips, at which Lydia drew back, but still without venturing to look up, for, in spite of all her efforts at self-control, her eyes filled more and more.

There was an embarrassing pause. Neither ventured to speak, both their hearts were too full. Lydia, who had not yet learned to control her feelings, finally covered her face with her hands and let her tears flow, while Volkmar stood beside her pale and silent.

The perfect quiet around her soon brought her to herself. What had she done? Had she not wept like a child? What would Volkmar think of her? She hastened to dry her eyes, as she said:

"I am a great baby—pardon me!" When she looked up at her teacher, she saw that his eyes also were filled with tears, and a joyous feeling, such as she had never known before, thrilled her entire frame at sight of them. How much in her own heart and in Volkmar's manner in a moment became clear to her! She knew now what made her so love art; she saw, also, that the brightest day would be dark to her if she no longer saw the manly figure of him who now stood beside her, and no longer heard his familiar voice.

Volkmar fixed his eyes on her with a look almost of despair. He seemed about to speak, but hesitated, and finally pressed his lips together, muttering, "No! no!" At last he said, in a hurried tone, as though he would fly from some temptation: "Lydia, let us part; I could not, in any event, give you lessons after to-day. Farewell! May Heaven be merciful to us both!" He was about to hasten toward the door, but Lydia stepped before him.

"Part! part!" she cried, "part now? It is no longer impossible?"

Volkmar covered his face for a moment with his hands, and then said, in a low, measured tone: "Yes, we must part!" and then, with the energy of despair, he added: "How can I, a poor, unknown artist, aspire to the hand of a rich heiress, and the daughter of a noble house? It were madness to think of it! Let us part; this union is impossible!"

Lydia still stood before him, her hands clasped.

"How can you—how can you say that we must part!" she cried.

Volkmar grew paler, and seemed less decided as to the course he should pursue.

"You will break my heart," said he, after a moment's hesitation. "Can I so betray the confidence your relations have reposed in me? Can I reconcile it to my honor, yes, to my love, to unite you, to whom the world lies open, to my uncertain fortunes? Might you not some day regret the sacrifice you had made at a moment when you were governed by feeling rather than by reason?"

Lydia looked Volkmar full in the face for a moment, while the tears chased one another rapidly down her cheeks; then, turning away, she said, in a tone full of feeling:

"Farewell, then; those were bitter words, but I forgive you, for you can have no idea how they pain me."

The young man watched her intently as she turned toward her easel, and, with nervous haste, began to put away her brushes and paints. He stood motionless and undecided for some minutes. Finally he broke silence by asking in a low, earnest tone:

"Lydia, will you be mine?"

My old friend paused. She had rested her head on her hand and seemed lost in recollection, until she resumed her narrative by saying:

"And so they were betrothed."

Lydia succeeded in quieting all Volkmar's scruples with regard to the difference in their respective social positions. She told him that she was alone in the world, that in two years she would be mistress of her own, and then could announce her betrothal without fear.

On one point only the artist was immovable—that there should be no communication between them during the two years he proposed to spend in Italy. Lydia was so young, he said, that she could not know fully her own heart; he would not have her consider herself as irrevocably bound to him.

"Here," said he, when Lydia had finally acceded to all his demands, "here, we will divide this bunch of violets in two parts as a *souvenir* of this hour; if you, Lydia, should some day come to think that you cannot make me the sacrifice, which you now so unselfishly consent to make, then send these flowers back to me. Not one word of reproach shall ever escape my lips. I will submit to my fate without a murmur, and the recollection of this hour shall be the only balsam for my blighted hopes. Will you, also, consent to this?"

"I will, provided you will make me a similar promise. And I have no fears; our poor violets will make no journeys, but our thoughts will make many, I trust. You will sometimes think of this hour and—of me, will you not?" she added, in a lower tone.

"As long as I live and breathe!" the young artist replied.

It was evening. Lydia stood at the window and looked dreamily out into the night. The moon shed her silver rays on the dark foliage of the garden, and made the pebbled walks appear like white, shining ribbons.

The crickets chirped gayly in the grass, and on the farther side of the garden a nightingale began his evening song. Slowly one light after another in the neighborhood was extinguished, until the one that flickered faintly in a mansard hard by, alone remained.

And now the window yonder opened, and, through the flower-perfumed air of that still May night, came the words to Lydia's ear, sung by a rich tenor voice:

"Du bist das süsse Feuer,
Bist meine Seele, du,
Von-allem meinen Gefühlen!
Schlaf' süsse; was willst du hinzu?"

(Literally: "Thou art the sweet fire; thou art the soul of all I feel! Sleep sweetly. What wilt thou more?" etc.)

Long after the song had been finished and the light extinguished, Lydia still kneeled at her window and wished the singer "good-night" again and again from the fulness of her heart.

Again the old lady was silent. She leaned back in her chair and looked thoughtfully at the opposite wall, whose surface was gilded by the evening sun. She seemed to read in the intertwined arabesques of the wall-paper her heart's history. After some minutes she drew a long breath, took my hand in hers, and proceeded with her narrative as follows:

There was a motley collection of people at the little summer resort, where we find Lydia, after a short year. Her relations mixed freely with the crowd, but she had another world, other thoughts and other longings than the laughing, careless many around her. From her guardian or his good-natured but superficial wife she could not expect any very warm sympathy or affection, but, in their stead, they gave her what she, at the moment, prized much more highly—her liberty. And so it came that, while her relations were among the gayest, she gave little time to society, but spent her days in exploring the neighborhood, sketch-book in hand, and her evenings in being rowed by the hour on the lake by an old boatman. It was then that her thoughts wandered away to that land of art and poetry domed by a clearer sky studded with brighter stars; and then, among perfumed orange-groves and the rich art-treasures inherited from the past, she sought the tall figure of a man who, like her, gazed at the distant stars, and returned the greetings of her loving heart. And again she dreamed of the happy future, of making the journey of life with the man of her choice, and of her pride at his achievements in the world of art. And, when the little boat returned again to land, it seemed as if the golden gate of fairy-land closed suddenly behind her.

One evening, on returning from the lake, she found a letter on her bureau post-marked "Italy." She opened it with feverish haste, and out of it fell a bunch of dried violets.

With a cry of deepest anguish she threw herself on the sofa, and buried her face in the cushions.

Deserted!—faithlessly deserted! What was to become of her now?

And now came sad, desolate days. Among her gay and joyous surroundings, she was

alone with her grief. She longed to be away, far away, in another land among other people. Even the questions of her guardians with regard to the cause of her pale cheeks and mournful mien annoyed her. What could she reply to them? How would they have received a confession of the true cause? Could she make them her confidants? Could she endeavor to picture to them the sufferings of her soul? Oh no, rather a thousand times bear her great grief in silence!

When, therefore, the affairs of her guardian called him for a year to England, she begged, with a morbid longing for a change of scene, to be allowed to accompany him, and her request was granted.

It was a misty autumn day on which they embarked. The clouds hung dark and heavy over land and water. Wrapped in her mantle, Lydia stood on the deck and gazed upon the land as it steadily disappeared. And, when the evening came and the clouds cleared away, she looked up at the gray autumn sky, and thought of her lost star and her cheerless life. Her spring-time had passed—her youth was gone, and she had nothing to hope from the future!

My old friend had let her head sink low upon her breast, and she held her hands clasped in her lap. I stooped down and gently pressed my lips to them. She straightened up and said: "Oh yes, my child, I know that my life has not been wholly wanting in love; since then I have learned that who sows love reaps it."

And she resumed her narrative:

Years had passed since that day; the young girl had become a middle-aged matron, the freshness of youth had long since disappeared, and her dark locks began to be sprinkled with gray; what was at first a consuming grief had given place to a soft melancholy. Lydia had remained faithful to her first love; her heart had never warmed toward another man; her nature, however, was not soured, and she gave to humanity what she would otherwise perhaps have lavished on one, and therein she found consolation and peace.

In these years it happened that a young girl, whose health had become seriously impaired, begged Lydia to accompany her for a time to a warmer climate. She readily consented, and they immediately set out for Mezen. The young girl improved rapidly, thanks to the change of air and Lydia's watchfulness.

One day, at the dinner-table of their little hotel, an old gentleman stated that he had that morning witnessed a melancholy scene. In the garret of a neighboring house there lived a blind, consumptive painter, who, at the most, had but a few weeks to live. "Even now," said the old gentleman, "I cannot for a moment escape the mournful sight of the poor, unfortunate man, with his white hair and large, sightless eyes. He seems, besides, to be in needy circumstances; for despite the neatness of his lodgings, they are sadly lacking in comforts. There is a worthy object for your charity, madame," he concluded, turning to Lydia, who had already decided to lose no time in hunting out the poor, blind artist.

The next day—it was a pleasant, sunny autumn day, such as they have only in the South—the matron slowly ascended the three flights of stairs that led to the poor, blind painter's garret. She was in a thoughtful, melancholy mood; recollections of days and scenes long since passed came upon her with unwonted vividness. Why did her heart throb so violently? Had she not gone on scores of similar errands of mercy before? Why, then, to-day this unusual nervousness?

In response to a gentle rap a weak, soft voice bade her enter. She opened the door quietly, and there, at the open window, with the morning sun shining full on his bleached locks and intellectual forehead, sat a well-remembered, and, ah! so sadly altered figure!

Lydia paused in the open door as though she were transfixed. And now he turned his dark, sightless eyes toward her, and asked: "Is it you, brother? Come in!"

Lydia approached him with an unsteady step, and, laying her hand on his shoulder, said, with all the calmness she could command, "It is I, Volkmar!"

Trembling with emotion, he rose to his feet and made a gesture, as though he would avoid her. Lydia said to him again in a tone less calm than before: "Yes, Volkmar, it is I, Lydia, an old friend!"

For a moment his pale, thin face was radiant with joy. He stretched out his arms and cried, with all the fervor of younger and happier days, "Lydia! Lydia! my Lydia!"

And sobbing, as the maiden had once, the matron threw herself into the old man's arms.

"How unhappy you made me!" said she, releasing herself after some moments.

With a trembling hand the old man drew her again toward him. "I made you unhappy?" said he. "Oh, I could not do other than I did! How full of hope I set out for the land of my longings, and how full of despair I returned! O Lydia, when the surgeon told me that my sight was gone beyond the possibility of recovery, it was not the darkness and poverty that made me shed tears—I wept for my art and for you! For how could I link your bright, young life to my darkness and misery? I sent the violets back to you without a word of explanation, because in my misfortune I would make no appeal to your magnanimity. You were young and rich; the world lay open to you, and you would, I thought, easily forget one who proved so unworthy. There was, it seemed to me, but one course for me to pursue—to suffer alone!"

"And did you not know that I loved you," she replied, "and that true love never dies—never can die?"

"Oh, forgive me!" he cried. "I, too, believe me, have learned what it is to suffer," and hot tears fell from his sightless eyes on Lydia's hands.

"But now," said she, assisting him back to his chair by the window, for his little stock of strength was well-nigh exhausted, "but now I will remain with you, and be your guide for the rest of our days."

"Oh, yes, remain with me," he replied. "Ah, it will not be long! I have so longed to leave this earthly darkness for eternal light! And now?"

Lydia could offer him no consolation; she

saw only too clearly that she had found him only to lose him again and forever.

And so she did in something less than two months. One evening he begged Lydia to remain with him during the night, as he felt unusually weak and fearful. She remained. He slept the whole night through as peacefully as a child; but when the sky began to redden in the east, he called her to him in a faint voice: "Give me your hand, Lydia," said he, "the hour for us to part, I think, has arrived. Be thanked for all—all! And forgive me for having made your life so wretched with my unhappy love! Open the window," he added, after a while.

Lydia opened the window. The first rays of the morning sun came over the distant hills and shed their golden light upon the couch of the dying man. He lay as one glorified, his sightless eyes turned toward the rising sun. Lydia sank on her knees beside him.

And now he took a ring from his finger; it was his mother's wedding-ring—a plain golden band. "Not here," said he, "but yonder we shall be united! Put it with the violets!"

I did.

And Aunt Lydia wiped away a tear, and was again silent.

AN OLD STORY.

"ENOUGH of this for to-day. The shadows are changing—and this bank getting uncomfortably warm besides."

As Harvey Westbourne said this to himself, there was another change in the shadows, which made him turn to see two figures that had come round an abrupt angle to the right, and paused close by, glancing with a shy curiosity from the stranger to his half-finished sketch.

Had Mr. Westbourne been a sculptor, instead of a painter with a specialty for color, he would perhaps not have given a second look at the girl before him, who was at that awkward age when growth is apt to outstrip grace, making angles where there should be curves, and lines instead of smoothness. As it was, he could not keep his eyes off her. Such coloring! gilded auburn hair, deep-blue eyes, in which the light swam, absorbed rather than reflected, and a dazzling skin, whose pure snow and carmine the blaze of the noonday sun searched in vain for a fleck or flaw.

"Does she live on milk-and-roses?" exclaimed Harvey Westbourne, half unconsciously aloud.

"No, sir, on milk-and-hominy," answered the lad beside her, a frank-faced boy, some years younger, who took it for a *bona-fide* question addressed to himself, and in the same spirit replied literally.

If the young girl did not precisely understand why such an amused smile sparkled into the stranger's black eyes, at least she understood enough to make her exquisite color deepen uncomfortably, perceiving which, he bit down the remainder of the laugh, and said, soberly:

"Well, that is a very good substitute for

roses, particularly in a New-England climate. And where do you partake of this ambrosia—milk-and-hominy, I mean? Where do you live?" this time addressing her directly.

She pointed across the meadows to a small, weather-darkened house, a glimpse of which could be caught among the trees clustered about it.

"It is nearer than the 'hotel,'" said Westbourne to himself, "and pleasanter walking along the field-path than by that dusty high-road"—then aloud: "I am some distance from my lodgings, and decidedly hungry; I think I should do justice to a bowl of that same hominy-and-milk, if I could get it," he finished, with a smile.

"Oh, yes," answered the girl, adding, shyly, that they were now on their road home, and would show him the way if he was ready.

Most certainly he was ready; he did not mean to lose such a study of color, as good as a Rubens, any day. So, the three walked on together, and the young artist found his flesh-and-blood Rubens, as enlivened by varying tint and glow under his expressive eyes, so pleasantly engrossing that, spite of hunger and heat, he was surprised, and not agreeably, to find himself so soon at the end of his route.

Here, could he have perceived it, was another study. Under the vines in the porch, with the sunshine flickering through on her white hair, and the dewy freshness of the June roses brushing against her withered cheek, sat an old woman—old, that is, to sight that could not recognize that it was trouble more than years which had scored those lines and bleached the locks. Harvey Westbourne's artistic perception, keen as far as it went, was of the eye, not the soul, and lacked that subtle sympathy which flashes from effect to cause with a divining genius doubling its capacity, both to appreciate and to render. So, while struck by the haggard face, he yet read nothing of the story graven there, and only said to himself, as he followed his girlish guide: "A singular-looking old woman—might have stepped out of an old Italian picture."

The woman rose at his request, and, almost without glancing at him, went into the house and brought out the simple food he had asked for, which she placed before him, silently motioning him to a seat. The young man was somewhat taken aback by the peculiarity of her manner, and began some expression of apology for disturbing her, which she cut short with the words, "You are welcome," and, taking up her work again, paid no more attention to anybody about her.

"A cheerful sort of hostess!" said Westbourne to himself, but, with the girl's beautiful face near, he did not long waste his thoughts on an odd old woman. That lovely, artless face, fresh as the summer morning, and changeable as its shadows, charmed him more and more; and, by the time his hominy-and-milk was finished, he had concluded, not only that it was exactly what he needed as a study, but that, in order to get the full benefit of it, he ought not to depend on chance meetings—in short, that he must be living under the same roof. He rather hesitated in making this proposal to the still, stiff figure opposite; but she replied, with the utmost indifference,

that there was nothing to prevent his coming if he thought he could be satisfied with their way of living.

So, Mr. Westbourne's portmanteau was transferred from the staring white country tavern to the low-roofed, unpainted farmhouse, and he was settled in a lean-to chamber, smelling of dried sage and mint and marjoram, and with the beauty of the freshest cleanliness for its sole adornment. The young man laughed at himself as he reviewed the quarters into which his artistic feeling—as he chose to call the impulse—had brought him.

"I have gone off half-cocked, as usual! However, what does it matter? It's not French cookery precisely they give one at the hotel, and 'milk-and-roses' is as good as any other country fare. By Jove! I ought to make something good out of that child's face."

Child? did Mr. Harvey Westbourne really think of Nelly Morris as a child? He was rather fond, at any rate, of calling her so; perhaps as a sort of salve to his conscience for not treating her like one. For, all through those bright, sweet summer days, the young artist was making love to his "study," at first only with eyes and tones, then at length openly by word and manner. He did not do this deliberately, but Nelly was very lovely, and it was not, perhaps, his fault that he worshiped beauty as he saw it, or that he saw only on the surface.

She, on her side, found the lesson he was teaching her an easy one. The young artist must have been blind indeed not to read the language of her changing face; and in such matters Mr. Harvey Westbourne was very far from blind. He had hardly need to ask the question that he did ask one night.

It was one of those still August evenings when Nature seems to drop into swoon, as if life were going out with the going down of the sun. There was scarcely a sound to be heard, save now and then a moan rather than cry from a distant marsh-bird, and the trickle of a little water-course getting drowsier apparently each minute, as if gradually hushing into the general silence. Faint sunset tints were fading into a soft primrose sky, and behind the hazy hill-range the moon was rounding into her full circle of light.

Harvey Westbourne's nerves were, so to say, on the surface, and responded to the slightest touch. To a degree he recognized this, only he often made the mistake of attributing to genuine feeling what was really only a momentary effusion of that artistic temperament of his, which vibrated so easily in harmony with its surroundings. The stillness and beauty of this August night wrought their charm on him; had he been before his easel, it would have found expression in some dreamy, "low-toned" little "bit;" failing that, he translated it into corresponding language, talking to the girl beside him of life and love, of their approaching separation and loneliness, in a poetic and half-melancholy way, which quite touched himself, so that he ended by saying softly: "You do love me, don't you, Nelly?"

Nelly, who had listened with clasped hands, and eyes that darkened and dilated through the dim light, answered in a tone

almost solemn in its earnestness: "Oh, I do Heaven knows I do love you!"

But Harvey Westbourne's sentiment, which was only sentiment, shrank uncomfortably before a real passion. What had Heaven, what had those eloquent tears in the eyes, that fervid blood in the cheeks, that answered his appeal, to do with the light feeling that called them forth? That was not the way he wanted her to feel toward him, certainly not the way he felt toward her. He had not meant to stir such depths, indeed, he had not meant any thing one way or another, having merely followed his impulse; but now he had a vague notion, hardly acknowledged to himself, that, had he known there was such intensity in the girl, he would have nothing to do with the affair at all. He grew suddenly tired of the summer-night's beauty. The dew was falling, that confounded bird's croak jarred through his head; decidedly, they would be better indoors.

Aunt Elvira was in the porch, and, as they came up, turned her eyes full on Westbourne. For the first time, it occurred to him what a singular resemblance there was between the fresh face at his side and the haggard one yonder. That put the finishing touch to his dissatisfaction. It was very seldom that Aunt Elvira took any notice of him, but now she looked at him long and fixedly, and with a strange kind of smile that on those rigid lips became a distortion. It made him feel somehow less at ease than usual in this woman's presence; he congratulated himself that he should so soon bid good-by to that Gorgon mask; while she, as if divining his thoughts, still stared at him, the smile stiffening on her stony face, till, as he hastened Nelly through the door-way, it changed into a laugh, harsh, abrupt, and mirthless, that grated on Westbourne's ear still more than the moan of the marsh-bird. How, he asked himself impatiently, as he shut himself into the gloom of his little lean-to chamber, how had he existed all these past weeks among these dismal surroundings? At least, he would not longer waste his time there; he would be off—yes, to-morrow, if he could manage it. For there was just a trace of cowardice in Harvey Westbourne's sensitiveness; so long as the outward impressions were bright and fair, he yielded to them willingly, but let a shadow intrude, and he shrank back, and would have run from it as a child runs from the dark.

But with the morrow came the sunshine; the marsh-bird was still, and Miss Elvira out of sight; Nelly's eyes were full of light instead of tears; altogether, the young artist found his surroundings so much less dismal, that he was able, not only to remain some days longer, but even to promise Nelly that he would return the next year. Her face was such a study in its eloquent delight, that he could not help experimenting on its capacity of expression.

"What would you do, Nelly, if you never saw nor heard of me again?" he asked, in a jesting tone, but watching her curiously.

Her face whitened, and the lines stiffened. "Break my heart and die," she said, in a half whisper.

"Nonsense, child! hearts don't break so easily in this world," said he, rather impa-

tiently, for he was annoyed by the likeness, which her pallor and rigidity brought out to the face that he had grown to regard with an aversion almost bordering on dread.

So, Harvey Westbourne went away, leaving promises and kisses behind him, leaving his image in Nelly's heart, and taking hers—in his portfolio. Nelly watched him from the meadow-stile till he was but a kindred speck in the dusty road, and then went slowly back to the house, where Aunt Elvira stood, she, too, straining her eyes eagerly after the vanishing form. She turned then on Nelly as the girl came up. "Gone!" she said, blankly; "he'll never come back—never! never!"

Nelly looked at her, at first in a kind of bewilderment, that changed into a proud and confident smile. No angry words rose to her lips; she was so sure of him that she did not need to defend him. But Aunt Elvira paid no attention to her niece; it almost seemed as if she had not had her in her thoughts in speaking. She stood still where Nellie had left her, gazing down the road, bare and blinding in the August heat, and muttering to herself like one in a dream. Truly, her thoughts were not with Nelly; they had been carried years back to a scene similar to this morning's: the same play, only with different actors—the play whose sudden ending had dropped the curtain over her life and put out its lights, leaving her to grope as best she might through the shadow.

Nelly did not know this; she did not know as much of her aunt's history as the neighbors, who smiled pityingly over "poor, love-cracked Miss Elvira," as the country phrase ran. She could not, indeed, help seeing that the poor woman was different from other people; but, ignorant of what had made her so, she took those muttered words as a doubt of Mr. Westbourne, which, though powerless to shake her faith in him, for his sake she was yet bound to resent. Accordingly, she kept her own counsel, never so much as mentioning his name; not even when, by-and-by, her longing for sympathy in the sore trial that was wearing on her would otherwise have opened her heart.

For no news came of Harvey Westbourne. Days, weeks, even months, at last, had passed, without bringing one of all those tender words he had promised to send to console her in his absence. But he had promised, and, for a long time, that was enough for Nelly, who made excuses for him till she almost succeeded in deceiving herself; not quite, else she would not always now have had that fixed, yet eager air, that hopeless look, that still seemed watching for something that did not come—that would never come again.

No, the summer came and went, but it did not bring Harvey Westbourne; neither that year, nor the next, nor ever again, to the little village in the valley. Indeed, so far from wishing to revisit it, he would rather have put even its remembrance away. He had just enough consciousness of wrong-doing to make the place and the people unpleasant in his eyes. And from dislike to blame was an easy step. It was a wretched solitude, where one got morbid for want of contact with the world and its ways: witness that disagreeable old woman; witness that silly child, who had

not been able to take commonplaces at their true value, but had returned them with a fervor he had never asked nor wished for. Well, since those absurd notions naturally could not last, it would be better to put an end to them once for all, than by slow degrees. A pleasant sophistry, that not only absolved him from his promise of writing to Nelly, but even made it appear that he was thereby consulting her best interest. So Nelly's memory was laid aside, like her picture. Mr. Westbourne was careful not to disturb the dust over either, and had succeeded in forgetting long before a new influence came to his aid.

At his first meeting with Cora Doyle, he told himself that she was not at all the sort of woman he admired. She was too simple, too direct; her large eyes looked straight into those they encountered in what he felt a discomfiting way; the arch of her beautiful mouth was a thought too firm for feminine softness. Besides, she lacked coloring, the charm of charms for him. So, quite honestly, he criticised her to himself, and counted the days till he should have another view of these various imperfections.

As their acquaintance grew, he found that he had not overcharged his first sketch. She could be cold and hard enough on occasion, as he discovered more than once, when, after listening to his theorizing till he fancied his eloquence was beginning to tell, she had made some keen, quiet speech, that cut through the web of words like a flimsy cobweb. She had not the least notion of sparing his cherished self-love, or of yielding him that general sympathy he had grown used to look for from women; vague sentiment did not pass with her; it must be defined with a clearness that obliged him in some measure to feel it first. That was perhaps the chief secret of her attraction for him; that, even while humbling, she raised him in his own eyes by the genuineness thus infused into his life.

The young man knew very well that he cared for her as he had never before cared for any woman, and he believed that she felt a certain interest in him; as for any thing beyond, he was utterly at a loss, for her manner conveyed neither encouragement nor the reverse.

But there was another, who fancied he had read her better. This was Leonard Hawley, an older acquaintance of Miss Doyle's than Harvey Westbourne, but lacking the latter's gift of making the most of himself. So when, as often happened, the two met in her presence, it was always Hawley who fell quietly into the background. But, as lookers-on are said to see the most of the game, so he observed a good deal which escaped Westbourne; certain indications of a greater interest in the artist than she allowed him to see, furtive glances averted before his could meet them, quick changes of countenance contradicting the indifferent voice, a kind of consciousness and effort of manner, which, altogether, led Mr. Hawley to a most unwelcome conclusion, and one that had restrained the question long ready on his lips. And this idea was in no wise contradicted by her occasional sarcasm, which he interpreted as impatience of any thing unworthy in the man she loved, or per-

haps jealousy of any opposing influence to her own.

One evening in particular seemed to show him this more clearly than usual. They were all three looking over a portfolio of sketches which Miss Doyle had expressed a wish to see. A loose leaf fluttered out and fell at Hawley's feet. He stooped to pick it up, and, in looking at it, forgot to return to the others.

"Strange!" he exclaimed, "what a singular resemblance!"

"What is it? what have you found there?" asked Miss Doyle, looking up.

Hawley laid the sketch on the table, under the eyes of both. It was Nelly's picture.

It was three years since the artist had thrust that sketch aside and forgotten it, nearly as long that he had ceased to remember the original, and that sudden reminder was almost like a blow in the face to him. The blood rose into his cheek; he felt confused under the eyes of Cora Doyle and Hawley, and muttered something indistinctly about "fancy sketches."

"And is this a fancy sketch, then, Mr. Westbourne?" asked Miss Doyle, with that directness of look and tone under which he was seldom quite at ease.

"Well—no—not exactly," he said, hurriedly, "a sort of study of mine—in the days when I was crazy about color," he added, forcing a smile rather unsuccessfully.

She looked at him, in turn, with a meaning smile. "Artists are fortunate in turning their romances to account when they are tired of them," she said, and each of her listeners found a hidden meaning in the light words, scornful to the consciousness of one, jealous to the other's apprehension.

"But is it possible you don't see the resemblance?" exclaimed Hawley, as the artist was thrusting the sketch aside.

"What resemblance?" said Westbourne, impatient of the subject.

"Why, to Miss Doyle."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Westbourne, almost rudely. "I beg your pardon, Hawley; but, really, it is the merest fancy."

Miss Doyle took up the sketch, and looked at it long and attentively. "I suppose I ought to disclaim the compliment," she said, at last; "but I see what Mr. Hawley means."

It was more than Westbourne did. He looked from one to the other, and in the woman's pale face, from which the chestnut hair was braided smoothly away, he failed to find that freshness and brilliancy which were the most obvious, if not the deepest, characteristics of the child. And it has already been said that Harvey Westbourne's artistic perception was of the surface.

"But the coloring, the whole tone and style, are so different," he said, incredulously.

"Which makes the resemblance the more remarkable," quietly rejoined Hawley.

Westbourne shrugged his shoulders, and made another movement to put away the subject of discussion, when Miss Doyle interposed.

"Has that sketch a special value for you, Mr. Westbourne?"

"None whatever," he answered, quickly.

"It is the merest chance that it was not destroyed long ago."

"In that case, I shall venture to ask you for it. I have taken a fancy to the face," she went on, meeting his look of surprise, "from vanity, I suppose," and she smiled.

The idea of Nelly's picture in Cora Doyle's possession was not at all an agreeable one to Westbourne, but he had no possible pretext for refusal. So he was obliged to content himself with regretting that she had not chosen some better specimen of his work.

"However, it is your work," she rejoined, with a smile and accent that seemed to say that was sufficient. At least that was Leonard Hawley's interpretation. With a jealous pang he felt himself an intruder at that moment, and soon rose and left them to themselves.

There was a rather long silence after he had gone. Miss Doyle seemed to have fallen into a reverie, and Westbourne watched her.

"How I should like to know what you are thinking of!" he said, at length, softly. At that she raised her eyes to his, and he saw that there were tears in them. He caught her hand in his, saying he scarcely knew what; but she drew it away, and smiled as she looked in his agitated face.

"You would like to know what I was thinking of, you say? Well, I will take you at your word; and then, if you find the story tiresome, the fault will not be mine. I told you I had taken a fancy to that face," she continued, abruptly, pointing to the sketch before them. It brought up associations. There was a girl once, Mr. Westbourne, a mere child, like that, as innocent, I might say as ignorant, for she took every thing for what it seemed. Well, she had to learn better, of course, and some one was found kind enough to teach her the lesson, and generous enough to ask nothing but her life's happiness in payment. He was a man of the world, attractive, gifted, who did not need half the pains he took to charm away the heart of a simple country-girl. He went away, at last, promising to think of her always, to write to her, and to return to her soon. She was a silly little rustic, as I tell you, quite ignorant of the fashions of the world, and she actually believed his promises."

"You knew her?" involuntarily interrupted Westbourne, in his confusion not even yet rightly comprehending.

"Have you heard my story before, Mr. Westbourne?" she retorted; then, with a bitter smile, pointing to the picture, "do you recognize me at last, or shall I repeat to you the pretty words you said to Nelly while you drew that face of hers—the sweetest face in the world, you called it then, though only accident has spared it so long.—Stay, Mr. Westbourne," as he was about to speak, "since you asked for my story, pray allow me to finish it; it will not be long enough to try your patience. When Cornelia Morris had learned your lesson to the end, she hoped and believed that she should die. But you were right to tell her hearts do not break so easily, they only bleed till they have grown so happily callous as to lose all feeling. No, Nelly did not die—the only creatures she had left to care for were taken away; but Nelly lived on—I will not tire you with the story of her adoption and change of name, nor of the routine of days and years that passed till she

met you again. Yes, Mr. Westbourne," continued Miss Doyle, breaking abruptly from the cold and measured tone in which she had hitherto spoken, "once more I came face to face with the man who had made my life the empty thing it was, who had taught me a lesson no time can ever unlearn. You did not know me; it was not strange; suffering had not killed me, but it had withered and hardened me into a very different woman from the fresh, bright child you made your study. Nevertheless, the old sentimental comedy seemed likely to be played over again—let me finish, please; you can protest, if you like, afterward—and I said to myself: 'Let him go his way; I will neither help nor hinder, and if, this time, it is he who suffers, he will have worked out his own punishment.' And I should have carried my purpose through to the end, Mr. Westbourne, only to-night the look in that trusting child's face brought me back something of the old softness—the old weakness, if you will," she added, with a smile, half sad, half scornful. "Let us leave the past alone now, and say quits for the future."

There was a long silence. Westbourne broke it at last.

"Cora—Nelly," he began, in an agitated voice, "I do not know how to express all the self-reproach, the regret—I hardly dare—but—but I have seen the tears in your eyes—if you can still think tenderly of the old days, is it not possible that—"

"I understand you," quietly interposed Miss Doyle, as he hesitated. "Do you imagine, then, Mr. Westbourne, that, if I still cared for you, I should have let you see them, or have spoken to you as I have done? No, my tears were only for those old days, for poor, deceived Nelly; doubly deceived, for the man she fancied she loved never existed."

Harvey Westbourne changed color as he heard and comprehended the last slowly-spoken words. He bowed his face on his hand in a painful confusion. "Is there no hope, then?" he said, at last, unsteadily.

"How should there be? You yourself killed love and hope long ago, and I could not make them live again if I would—not if I would," she repeated, with a sigh. She took up the picture and regarded it with a long and intent gaze, then dropped it on the burning coals, where the lovely face blackened and shrivelled and fell into formless ashes. "There, Mr. Westbourne, vanishes the last link that held us to the past, and for the future we are strangers to each other. Strangers, but not enemies," she added, after a pause, holding out her hand to him; "there is no anger in my heart now, and, if I seem hard or unforgiving, remember that I am but such as you have made me."

It was the severest lesson of Harvey Westbourne's life, and the best; one that, take it as he might, could not be wholly lost. This time he had loved with all the capacity of his nature, and both the love and the loss had put a meaning into his life that must sweep it partially, at least, from its besetting shallowness and vanity.

Cornelia Doyle is the wife of Leonard Hawley now. Her face wears a softer and more womanly look than it used; for, if she

has not found in love and life all that she once dreamed they could hold for her, at least she knows that she makes the whole happiness of another, and has realized that giving is more blessed than receiving.

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE "SECRET SERVICE" OF THE UNITED STATES.

ON the fourth floor of the southern wing of the Treasury Building, in Washington, D. C., there are two rooms, opening out upon the wide, marble-tiled hall, over the always-closed entrance to which are inscribed the words, "Secret-Service Division of the Treasury Department," and below, "Positively no admittance." Within may be seen two large safes, desks, chairs, and sofas; some curious masquerade costumes—or Ku-klux uniforms, for that is what they really are—suspended from the walls; a number of photographs stuck over the mantels, over which is printed:

"REWARD!

\$5,000

FOR THE ARREST OF

THOMAS BALLARD, Counterfeiter,

Whose Photograph will be found below;"

and, in winter, a cheerful wood-fire blazing away on the hearth. Two or three officials are busily engaged at their desks, probably examining the reports received from "operatives" in all parts of the country; so that, with the exception of the curious masquerade costumes referred to, it will be seen that there is, at first sight, nothing in the appearance of these rooms to make them differ from the hundreds of other offices in that immense pile of granite known as the United States Treasury.

A closer examination of the premises, as we shall subsequently see, would, however, reveal to us sights of a very extraordinary character; but for the time being, at least, we will heed the forbidding card on the door, "Positively no admittance," and go on to see what is really meant by the "Secret-Service Division of the Treasury Department;" how and where it operates; and what are the results accomplished by it.

It is well known that there are in the different departments of the Federal Government employed various detective forces—such as the inspectors of customs, special agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau, special agents of the Post-Office Department, etc., etc., and, in the same manner, the Secret-Service Division of the Treasury Department, which, however, differs from the other detective institutions in this—that it does not confine itself or its range of labor to any certain specialty, but takes cognizance of all frauds perpetrated against or upon the United States Government, while at the same time it makes the purpose of arresting and preventing the crime of counterfeiting more specially the object of its organization.

The extent to which these efforts prove successful must, of course, necessarily depend upon the adroitness of its *attachés* in anticipating the depredations of evil-doers, and lead

to the discovery of the machinations and plottings of the dangerous and criminal classes of society. The old adage that "it takes a thief to catch a thief," has been long since exploded—at least, in its literal sense; and the method pursued by the United States Secret Service only in part partakes of this principle. It might be termed, not inappropriately, a combination of Fouché's and Vidocq's famous methods, differing entirely from the cumbersome systems of detection employed by the secret police of Prussia; the *inspecteurs* and *cabinés noirs* of the late French Empire; the crown-spies of Spain; *kaiserliche Spione* of Austria; and the Oriental-Russian style of setting one man to do a piece of work, detailing a second to watch him, and then a third to watch the watchman. The system adopted by the present chief of the Secret-Service Division is more in accordance with the Bow-Street system of London, although somewhat modified to suit the demands and contingencies of the United States, with its much larger field of operation.

The necessity of some vigorous measures on the part of the government to suppress counterfeiters on the national securities became apparent very soon after the first issue of fractional currency. The genuine issues were followed by the counterfeits with such rapidity that hardly had the public had time to become familiar with the former when the latter would be in circulation, doing incalculable damage, and making havoc principally among the poorer classes, who could not so readily detect the spurious article. The evil soon became so great as to claim the attention of Congress, and an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars (since increased to one hundred and twenty-five thousand per annum) was made by that body, and placed at the disposal of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the purpose of effecting measures for the suppression and eradication, if possible, of the crime of counterfeiting. This fund was immediately turned over to the Solicitor of the Treasury—the law-officer of the department—with instructions to use it to the best advantage for the purposes for which it was designed. This led to sundry experiments, terminating finally in the organization of the Secret-Service Division, in the summer of 1865, consisting of a "chief of division" and a number of subordinates—termed, technically, "operatives." As at present organized, the force consists of the chief, Colonel H. C. Whitley; chief assistant, T. C. Nettleship; and a large number of "chief operatives," "operatives," and "assistant operatives," distributed all over the country—one, at least, in each judicial district—and all reporting regularly to headquarters. The chief of division is the executive officer, and guides and directs his subordinates; but the Solicitor of the Treasury must approve the acts of the chief to render them valid. All commissions issued to operatives must also have his written approval; and any very important movement, involving the expenditure of unusual sums of money, must first be submitted to him.

The ramifications of the Secret-Service Division as the Treasury Department extend—as has been already stated—all over the country. Its agents are operating on the

Canada border to prevent smuggling, and in Florida and Key West in the endeavor to stop the importation of cigars and tobacco from Havana without paying duty. There is a branch office of the division in every city of importance, as a commercial or monetary centre, in the United States, and each of these branches is under the immediate supervision of a chief operative, who is required to take charge of and give his exclusive attention to the district to which he has been assigned. The New-York branch, at No. 52 Bleeker Street, is virtually the headquarters of the division, although all reports and the results of captures, such as plates, counterfeit money, dies, stamps, etc., are sent to the Washington office, and there put on record and preserved.

So much for the organization of the division, and now a few words in explanation of the peculiar system adopted by its chief in the detection of criminals.

In the successful detection and conviction of counterfeiters, which is the specialty of the division, it is absolutely necessary, says Colonel Whitley, to use counterfeiters against their confederates. Long experience has demonstrated the fact that a spy in the camp, as a defective confederate, is more to be feared by an organized band of criminals than all the other machinery of detection combined; and it is wellnigh impossible to detect leading counterfeiters, and, when detected, procure their conviction, without the use, as an entering wedge, of men tarnished with the same crime in a lesser degree, as none others can so fully have the confidence of the great criminal.

The criminal who has had a dozen illegal transactions with his confederate enters upon the thirteenth with the same good faith which characterized the previous twelve, and finds himself within the meshes of the law through the defection of the party with whom he has been dealing. It is true that a great many people find objectionable points in this mode of procedure, and therefore are opposed to it; but to them Colonel Whitley pertinently puts the question: "Is this effective mode of detection a wrong done to the criminal, or a right done to society?" In the experience of the very best detectives of the present day, modern crime has become a *science*, with which it requires the keenest intelligence and the most subtle ingenuity to cope successfully. Politics, religion, art, and all the appliances of steam, the telegraph, and chemistry, are pressed into its service; nothing is too sacred, or too vile, for its purposes. It is the same old story over again: "Desperate cases require desperate remedies."

Hence, in the detection of counterfeiters, it has been (since May, 1869, when Colonel Whitley was appointed chief of division) and is now, the aim of the force to secure the co-operation of one of the gang to be broken up, who, besides furnishing the necessary information and keeping the officers posted as regards the movements of the parties who are being "shadowed," may afterward serve as State's evidence against his former confederates. The inauguration of this effective system—somewhat similar to the plan after which the Bow-Street detective police operates—has

created distrust and caused more alarm among the counterfeiters, as a class, than could have been accomplished by any other agency. The defection of a confederate strikes consternation into the ranks of crime, and opens the door for its final extermination. No better proof is required of the effectiveness of this system than the fact that counterfeiting on a large scale, as carried on extensively three or four years ago, is to-day virtually at an end; the counterfeiting now going on being confined to the comparatively small operations of "huddle-carriers" and second-rate "cony-men."*

In order to better illustrate the *modus operandi* of the division, I shall give, from the official records, a few interesting cases that may serve as illustrations. I will take, to begin with, the case of Bill Gurney, which is still fresh in the memory of most New-Yorkers.

In the month of August, 1870, there suddenly appeared in the Eastern cities an admirably-executed counterfeit twenty-dollar note on the Shoe and Leather Bank of New York. The intelligence of this unwelcome discovery was telegraphed all over the country to business-men, bankers, and others interested, putting the public upon their guard against this dangerous and well-contrived imposition.

The chief of the Secret-Service Division arranged directly a plan to reach what he considered the probable source of the issue of this counterfeit. He dispatched one of his operatives to communicate with a notable "koniacker,"† surmising that this party knew something about it. The dealer was an "old settler"‡ in the pernicious traffic, however, and it was no easy task directly to approach him without exciting suspicion.

The "koniacker" in question—an ex-State-prison bird—whose services it was deemed advisable to secure, and whom we will call X—, was consequently approached by the confidential agent of the chief, who, introducing himself as "Jake Buck," asked him if he wanted to purchase some "queer."

"No," said X—; "are you in the business?"

"I would like to buy some," responded Jake.

After some further careful manœuvring on the part of the two new acquaintances, it leaked out that X—, although not himself in the "business," could and would introduce Jake to a "friend," who, he thought, might accommodate him. Agreeably to this arrangement, the two met again the following evening, X— having in his possession an admirably-executed twenty-dollar counterfeit, which Jake bought at half its represented value, say ten dollars.

"When can you supply me with some more?" asks Jake.

"Day after to-morrow," is the answer.

* A "huddle carrier," in the *lingua* of counterfeiters, signifies the bearers and sellers of "huddle" funds, or counterfeit notes of a small denomination, such as fractional currency, etc. A "cony" man is one known as a bank-note counterfeiter.

† "Koniacker," counterfeiter, or "cony" man.

‡ "Old settler," an experienced rogue or operator.

"Hand over a hundred, then," says Jake; and in due time, as per arrangement, the five twenty-dollar counterfeits are brought, and purchased by Jake at forty cents on the dollar, or thereabouts. At the same time, it is agreed that Jake shall take five hundred dollars' worth at a still further discount, say thirty cents on the dollar.

And when they met again, by appointment, Jake pays over his one hundred and fifty dollars, in good money, and receives in return twenty-five new twenty-dollar counterfeit notes, which he is quite sure have all come from the same source that the first one started from.

This game was continued until the disguised detective had so completely gained the confidence of X—that the latter offered to introduce him to the manufacturer of the "cony." According to appointment, therefore, the three met in a bar-room in Baxter Street, when it was agreed that the manufacturer—or Bill Gurney, for it was none other than he—should sell Jake a bundle of counterfeit twenty-dollar bills, for twenty cents on the dollar, as the trade now began to assume wholesale proportions.

The following week the bogus Jake purchased three thousand dollars of the counterfeits, at eighteen cents on the dollar, from Gurney direct, which were to be delivered on the following evening, at the Tenth-Street Ferry, on the East River. Meanwhile, headquarters in New York were duly advised of the progress of the scheme, and the chief and another operative held themselves in readiness to perform their rôles in the play, when the time should come.

At the appointed hour—having thus managed already to have purchased several hundred dollars' worth of trash from Gurney's own hands, Jake repaired to the ferry-house at the foot of Tenth Street, to receive the last batch of "cony" bargained for. But, this time, Jake is not alone. He is accompanied by two strangers, one apparently a plain-looking parson, and the other a slightly-intoxicated person who looks like a mechanic, and is smoking a clay pipe; but both are mixed among the throng which is waiting to cross in the next boat, being at no great distance from Jake, however. Bill Gurney is on the boat, but, before stepping ashore, carefully eyes the waiting passengers. There is nothing to excite his suspicions, however; he has the three thousand dollars in counterfeit notes on his person, and is anxious to exchange them for five hundred and forty dollars in good money. Jake Buck is there, and in a moment the two are together. In another instant, two men seize the counterfeiter, and he is handcuffed before he has had a chance to wink. These two men are none other than the parson and the drunken mechanic—or Colonel Whitley and his assistant. The counterfeit three thousand dollars are found secreted in the prisoner's breast coat-pocket, in a neatly-made-up package. On the day following, X—was arrested, and thus two shrewd counterfeiters were safely lodged in limbo.

The history of this noted counterfeiter who, at the time of his capture, took the lead among all "cony-men" and "shovers of the queer," in this country, is of sufficient inter-

est to deserve some mention here. Bill, whose real name is William M. Gurney, was born and reared in Saratoga County, New York, of respectable parents. He first commenced operations, in his peculiar line of business, on the line of the Erie Canal, and afterward extended his traffic to New-York City, where his success in the counterfeiting business, and his wonderful luck in evading justice, enabled him to live in luxury and ease for a long period. He was on intimate terms with notorious counterfeiters and other criminals; among them, "Jerry Cowsden," "Ike Weber," "Cranky Tom Hale," "Bill Overton," and others, famous in the detective records and annals of State-prisons. The engravers, printers, and shovers, wanted a leader, and Bill was just the man for the position, which he occupied shortly after his arrival in New York.

For several years he went on successfully; one of his boldest operations being a plan to put upon the market one hundred thousand dollars in counterfeit notes upon the Fishkill Bank, New-York State.

The press for printing this large amount of counterfeits was established in New-York City. Plates were engraved, paper procured and prepared; but, then, one of the members of the gang "squealed" on his pals, and the whole concern was seized by Secret-Service officers. Three of the counterfeiters were captured, convicted, and sent to State-prison; but Bill, the prime mover in the plan, with his usual luck, escaped, and kept clear of the talons of the law.

This was before the war. When the rebellion broke out, Bill, nothing daunted, saw an excellent chance to "make money," by imitating the postal and legal-tender notes which then appeared. He went into it on a wholesale scale, and his efforts at this time were immensely profitable. He got out fair counterfeit plates of the \$1's, the \$2's, the \$10's, and the \$20's, which all succeeded finely; but his specially successful effort was an imitation fifty-dollar legal-tender, which proved the most dangerous counterfeit, as well as the most accurate imitation, of all that ever were got out of that denomination.

After fully half a million dollars of this dangerous note had been put upon the market, Bill was arrested on suspicion; but, so well had he covered up his tracks that nothing could be proved against him, and he was again released. His success with this operation led him to undertake a still greater venture; and he determined to go to work and introduce a bogus one-hundred-dollar compound-interest-bearing note, which were then greatly in demand and for which he thought he would find a ready market. Bill, consequently, by a liberal outlay of money, induced an *attaché* of the Treasury Department, through the agency of a handsome woman—who figured somewhat prominently in the affair—to break his trust, and take a wax impression of the back of the plate, from which the genuine note was being printed, from which an electrotype was subsequently procured. The young man who had been led into this crime died suddenly, a short time afterward, in Washington, before he had been suspected of the crime of which he had been

guilty; and little doubt remains that he was poisoned by the counterfeiters, who were afraid that he should become repentant and "peach" upon them and their operations.

An exact imitation of the back—which, owing to the intricate geometrical lathe-work, is the most difficult portion of a greenback to imitate successfully—having thus been obtained, some of the most skillful engravers in the country were engaged by Bill in producing the plate for the face of the note, which, with only one or two very unimportant variations, was also an exact copy of the Treasury Department's genuine article. Then the notes were printed; and this new banking operation did, for a while, a thriving business. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of the bogus one-hundred-dollar bills were put upon the market, and successfully disposed of by degrees, at good prices, before the trick was discovered and the game exploded. A descent was made upon the "factory," which was located in Brooklyn, and all the plates, paper, ink, presses, with a great amount in the counterfeit notes, were captured and sent to Washington. Bill Gurney himself was arrested, for the fifth or sixth time, in New York; but soon found himself at liberty once more, through some gerrymandering process known only to himself and those who then held him in custody, after having realized a handsome fortune by his operations.

But the old saying that "easy comes, easy goes," proved also true in this case. Bill lost his ill-gotten gains by gambling, and soon found himself almost penniless. It became of prime necessity for him to start another "job," which would put him in funds again; and this time he determined to try his hand at imitating the Newburg National Bank ten-dollar notes. This counterfeit, however, was not a success; the note was poorly executed and easily detected; and he found considerable difficulty in "shoving" it. Some of his confederates were captured and sent to prison; and it is doubtful if Bill realized any thing from this operation.

His next, and last strike, was the issue of the twenty-dollar counterfeits, which caused his capture, and, finally, his conviction and lodgment in the King's County Penitentiary, where he is now serving out a sentence of ten years' imprisonment.

The arrest of Gurney placed in the hands of the government the counterfeit twenty-dollar plate upon the National Shoe and Leather Bank—one of the best-executed counterfeit plates in the collection, numbering upward of ninety sets, of the various denominations, now in the possession of the United States Government, through the agency of the Secret-Service Division.

Scarcely less interesting than the case of Bill Gurney, and affording another good illustration of the detective system pursued by the Secret-Service Division under its present efficient management, is that of Fred Bi-busch, a notorious and successful counterfeiter, whose arrest, about two years ago, created considerable excitement all through the West, where he had chiefly been operating. His operations extended over the whole broad range from Illinois to Texas, and were

marked by a degree of boldness, accompanied by success, that has rarely been equaled in the annals of counterfeiting, or crime of any kind.

The plan pursued by the detectives in this instance, to secure the arrest of Biebusch, did not differ materially from that employed in the capture of Gurney. As in that case, the coöperation of a confederate was secured. The man employed in this case was one Shelley, who had long been engaged in preparing the plates, etc., for Biebusch. Shelley was arrested in New York, in the midst of his nefarious labors, and voluntarily confessed his association with Biebusch, who was operating in the West. Interviews were had, and "deals," or the sale and delivery of counterfeit notes, with the counterfeiter himself, by the decoys and pretended "cony" men—most of these transactions taking place near Biebusch's residence, on Stoddard Street, near Clay Avenue, in St. Louis. In this manner, one "deal" was made of one hundred dollars' worth of bogus ten-dollar United States Treasury notes, at twenty cents on the dollar; and several other deals followed, at the same price. On the 11th of January, 1869, two hundred dollars' worth of the "cony" twenty-dollar notes was bought for forty-five dollars; and a short time afterward the last deal was effected for thirty dollars, purchased at twenty cents on the dollar. It was now thought that sufficient evidence had been obtained upon which to base a criminal charge; and Biebusch was arrested on the night of the 15th of February, at his private residence, where he was enjoying himself with his family. On the premises were found two new plates for making fifty-dollar and five-dollar counterfeit greenbacks, besides a plate for printing fifty-cent notes. A large quantity of counterfeit money, in twenty-dollar and fifty-cent notes, was also found in the house, besides various implements, supposed to be burglar's tools.

Among the letters found in the possession of the prisoner were the following characteristic specimens, which I give *verbatim et litterim*:

"MEMPHIS, November 25, 1868.

"FRIEND FRED: Inclosed find post-office order for forty dollars, the amount I borrowed from you. I should of sent you the money sooner, but looked for a letter from you every day, and then thought I should come to St. Louis myself, but had concluded you are not going to strike, so I send you the money. Can't you get your small or young stock ready to ship at the same time you ship your large or old stock. If you could it would save a great deal of trouble, and only have one trip. They are asking for nice young stock any day. Please drop me a few lines as soon as you get this. Tell me the knows, and let me know if you get this order all right. You will please accept my thanks for more favors.

"This from your friend, etc.,

"BILL."

And also the following "order:"

"ELLSWORTH, KANSAS, August 10, 1868.

"Mr. Fred Biebusch, — St. Louis, Mo.:

"DEAR SIR: If I call and see you with sufficient guarantee, can I get a supply of your

valuable compound? Please answer, and oblige

G. D. BERLIN,

"Ellsworth City, Kansas."

The following was in an envelope, directed to and to be sent to one John Parker, Hamilton, Hancock County, Illinois:

"If you have got any of these sizes put a cross on it and send the worth of this money—same that you sent.

"Send it as soon as you get this.

"|||||

Biebusch, as above stated, was arrested and placed under twenty thousand dollars bail to await trial. But he forfeited his bail and fled, and a week passed before he was recaptured.

After his temporary escape, he lived on Cabaret's Island, near St. Louis, in a hut, secrete by day, and venturing out only in the night. He was seen one night to meet his wife in a cornfield, watched, tracked, and discovered. The officer ordered him to surrender, but he started on a run, and several shots were fired at him without effect. He was in the act of jumping a high fence when he was overtaken and brought down, and, for the last time, placed safely "in quod."

Upon his final arrest it came out that Biebusch was the possessor of a handsome fortune, accumulated by him in the pursuit of his nefarious business; and among other property that he owned it was ascertained that he held notes-of-hand, upon call, for sums loaned to some of the most prominent citizens of St. Louis to the aggregate amount of sixty thousand dollars.

This dangerous counterfeiter was convicted chiefly upon the testimony of his former confederate and employé—the man Shelley—and the letters, or "orders," and bogus notes, etc., with the appliances for their manufacture, found in his possession, and he was sentenced to fifteen years' confinement in the State-prison at Jefferson, Missouri, where he entered upon his gloomy incarceration on the 13th of December, 1870, at the age of forty-seven. The plates, counterfeit money, etc., captured at the time of his arrest, are in the keeping of the Treasury Department at Washington.

The official records of the United States Secret-Service Division are replete with accounts of incidents of a thrilling nature—more interesting than any romance ever written. They comprise almost a complete history of crime in all its phases, and are not by any means confined to the operations and captures of counterfeiters, although these form the bulk of this unique library.

One of the saddest examples on record in these archives of what may happen to a man who abandons himself to a vicious course of life is that of Mr. William M. Adams, ex-Mayor of Alleghany City, Pennsylvania. At one time occupying a proud and honored position among his fellow-citizens, and the head of a happy and interesting family, he fell

from his high estate through the influence of liquor and bad associates. He lost his means, was reduced to dire want, took to passing counterfeit twenty-dollar notes on the Shoe and Leather Bank (made by Bill Gurney), was detected, arrested, tried, and convicted, and sentenced to pay a fine of one thousand dollars, with seven years' imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. He is now a convict in the very city of which he formerly occupied the proud position as its chief magistrate. Truly, "romance is stranger than fiction."

A brief recapitulation of the results produced by the application of the system inaugurated by the present head of the division may be appropriately inserted here, the figures given being up to the close of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1872:

Of the most important and dangerous grade of counterfeiters, such as the engravers, printers, wholesale dealers, coiners, etc., two hundred and seven have been apprehended; of the lower grade, circulators, shovers, and minor operators, two hundred and ninety have been placed in limbo; of defrauders of the internal revenue, stamp renovators, etc., three hundred have been captured—a total of seven hundred and ninety-seven in the counterfeiting line alone. Of other revenue defrauders, dealers in cigars without legal stamps, whisky-sellers, smugglers of jewels, diamonds, laces, silks, gloves, etc., United States mail and bond robbers, etc., etc., there are over four hundred cases on record.

It is the opinion of the members of the detective force, from whom I gathered my information relative to the Secret-Service Division, that, next to counterfeiters, smugglers are, as a rule, the most shrewd and sharp criminals with whom they come in contact. And no one will doubt this after reading the following authentic, officially recorded case of smuggling, which was detected by a custom-house "special" at Boston, at the close of the year 1867:

The especial attention of the Secret Service having been called to the fact that large amounts of valuable laces and jewelry found their way into this country in some mysterious manner, without paying duty, during the years 1866 and 1867, it was at last ascertained that these smuggled goods came through Boston. A "special" (Captain S—) was sent to the custom-house at that port to "work up" the case, and for several months this gentleman was on the *qui vive* watching the European steamers carefully, but without avail. One fine morning, however, this officer, while on board of a steamer which had just come in from Havre, observed a large deal box, which was being transferred to the shore. His suspicion being aroused, he inquired what it contained, and was answered that it was a corpse—an American who had died abroad, and whose body was being sent home for interment in his native soil, at the request of his mourning relatives. Not quite satisfied with this explanation, the officer ordered the box to be opened. Inside was a handsome black-walnut coffin. Still suspicious, he ordered the lid of the casket to be unscrewed, and there lay the dead man sure enough, the body slightly decomposed. The casket was

quickly closed, and the box nailed up and taken away without further investigation.

A short time subsequently a similar occurrence took place. Another steamer arrived from France with another corpse aboard, it was said, addressed to other waiting, mourning friends in America. Somewhat confounded at the apparent mortality going on among American citizens in France, Captain S— ordered also this box to be opened before leaving the ship. This was done, and there was another elegant casket with silver mountings, handles, etc. This unscrewed as before, and there lay the corpse—the cold, blue face and head and neck—there could be no question about the fact. The coffin-lid, which opened a third of its length upon silver hinges, was just being thrown back to its place when the officer insisted, to the surprise of the sailors, that the entire lid of the casket should be removed.

This was done at once, and, horrible to relate the fact, the trunk and bowels of the corpse were found to have been removed, and, in place of the contents for which intended, the cavity in the casket, for two-thirds of its length, was filled with shallow tin-boxes, hermetically sealed, containing some eight thousand dollars' worth of choice Mecklin and other valuable laces! These, of course, were seized and confiscated; while the mutilated corpse went on its way, according to address.

The few examples herein given, as illustrations merely, will convey a faint idea of some of the difficulties the United States Secret Service had to encounter in the pursuit of its duty, and the shrewdness and boldness of the rogues with whom it has to deal! In order to effect such results, it is of supreme importance that there should be, at all times, a thorough understanding and coöperation between the United States Secret-Service Division and the local detective agencies, municipal or private, in the various parts of the country. This has been accomplished, and, by the aid of the telegraph, and other measures well understood among the detective forces, there is now a thorough understanding and unity of action among all these agencies, making it exceedingly difficult for a criminal to escape capture when once suspected.

We will now turn our attention from the exploits of the Secret Service, and make a short visit to the rooms described in the beginning of this sketch, where we shall find something that will interest us in connection with what we have already learned. It is true that there is the forbidding inscription of "Positively no admittance" over the entrance, but an order from the Secretary of the Treasury opens the doors to us, and, for once, the instructions on the card on the door do not apply to us. As we have already said, there is nothing very extraordinary in the appearance of the two rooms which constitute the headquarters in the national Capitol of the Secret-Service Division, nothing to distinguish them from the hundreds of other offices within the walls of the same vast building; they are cozy and comfortable, as they all are, plainly but neatly furnished; and the only thing that is apt to attract particular attention, by being seemingly out of place, are the afore-said masquerade costumes, or ver-

table Ku-klux disguises, on the walls. These have been captured, with those who wore them, at various places in the South, within the last two years, mostly in Mississippi and Georgia, and are of every conceivable cut and color. The most ferocious-looking one is a full suit of cheap muslin; the pantaloons are black, with a broad red stripe, and the jacket, or blouse, of a blood-red color, with large black buttons. Attached to this suit (the regular "uniform" of the so-called *Red Oxmen*, of Mississippi), is a pointed red cap, upon the front of which is a representation of a skull and crossed bones, in black ink. Above this device are the large letters

K. K. K.

Below it is the similarly inscribed word

MORI.

The effect of the whole, drawn heavily in black on the red ground, is sufficiently horrible, in spite of the roughness of the execution, to make even the empty head-dress convey a decidedly disagreeable impression.

An ugly mask, made of black cambric, with a piece of white goat-skin attached, representing a head, completes this repulsive uniform. In the black-leather belt, which holds the blouse together, is stuck, encased in a sheath, a narrow-pointed dirk or knife, fully eighteen inches in length, with a common wooden handle. This constitutes the whole outfit, and is a fair specimen, although, perhaps, rather more ferocious-looking than on the average. It is also the only one to which is attached a knife, in a sheath, as the Ku-klux usually wore their bowie-knife in the leg of the right boot.

In each of the two offices is placed a large iron, burglar-proof safe, with combination locks, which serves as a receptacle and depository for plates, rolls, dies, moulds, paper, etc., etc., captured from counterfeiters. There are stored in these two safes upward of seven hundred thousand dollars' worth of counterfeit bank-notes, bonds, fractional currency, revenue-stamps, etc., and upward of ninety sets of the plates, rolls, and dies, used in their manufacture. About two-thirds of this "cony" are of issues that have been withdrawn, and are no longer in circulation; but fully one-third are counterfeits of a recent date, and are, for the greater part, admirably executed.

It is quite interesting to look over the contents of these safes. The plates, which are mostly of copper, with some few of steel and German-silver, are in sets of two or three, viz., the face, the back, and sometimes the tint. They are covered over with a thin film of wax, to preserve them from rust or oxidation, and are wrapped up by sets in black cloth, and packed in strong wrapping-paper. Every set is numbered and put on record, which also gives the name of the engraver of the plate or set of plates, date of capture, and a short history of the case to which they belong. As the packages are opened, one by one, and their contents exhibited to our glance, we finger, with a considerable degree of curiosity, the famous twenty-dollar plate, on the Shoe and Leather Bank, which figured so conspicuously in the Gurney case, and the complete set—

face, back, and tint—of plates used by the same notorious criminal in the manufacture of his hundred-dollar compound-interest note. As we examine the plate for printing the back, with its fine scroll and lathe-work—an exact fac-simile of the genuine note—our curiosity is mixed with an inexpressible feeling of sadness: that piece of work cost a young man both life and reputation.

Among the best-executed plates, the imprints of which for a long time defied detection, and were thrown upon the market in enormous quantities, are three sets of two-dollar plates (faces, backs, and tints; complete); eight sets of \$5's; five of \$10's; four of \$20's (among which is the celebrated Gurney "Shoe and Leather Bank" set of plates); one one-hundred-dollar compound-interest note; one one-hundred-dollar greenback; two unfinished fifty-dollar, seven-thirty note-plates; one one-thousand-dollar U. S. bond plate; one one-thousand-dollar legal-tender, new issue, unfinished; two one-thousand-dollar railroad-bond plates; one unfinished five-twenty-bond plate (one thousand dollars); three twenty-five-cent fractional-currency plates, Fessenden head; four twenty-five and fifty-cent old postal-currency plates; one fifteen-cent fractional-currency plate; seven fifty-cent fractional-currency plates of the "Spinner," "Lincoln," "Stanton," and "figure of Justice" heads (one, the "Lincoln," but partially finished); besides numerous parts of plates and rolls, each as pieces of highly-finished imitation lathe-work, heads, numerals, and vignettes, etc., intended for use by the counterfeiters. There are, further, one two-ounce, one ten-pound, and four sixty-pound counterfeit tobacco-stamp plates; one twenty-five-cent beer-stamp plate; one two-cent check-stamp plate; three proprietary-stamp plates; and one one-cent match-stamp plate—all admirably executed, so as to defy detection, except to the eye of experts.

Of dies and moulds for manufacturing imitations of gold, silver, and nickel coin, there is also quite an assortment, among which two sets of dies for one-dollar gold-pieces, with a piece of the metal (an alloy of bronze and nickel) from which they were stamped. Also one set of two-and-a-half-dollar gold dies, three sets of "one dime" (ten cents) silver dies and moulds, and one set of "five-cent nickels" moulds. There is also in one of these safes a small tin box containing fifty thousand dollars' worth of counterfeit and "cleansed" revenue-stamps of the various classes and denominations, captured at the time of the breaking up of the notorious "Staten-Island gang" (in October, 1869), one of the most interesting exploits recorded in the annals of the Secret-Service Division, but for an account of which, in detail, which must be necessarily quite lengthy, we cannot make room at present. This box, with its contents, was found in the room of a well-known and (before his capture and conviction) very popular colonel in New-York City, who moved in the very best of society, and was, to all appearance, a gentleman. It was at the same capture that the one-thousand-dollar counterfeit United States bond plate, already referred to, was obtained.

Each of the safes contains a box filled

with bogus gold, silver, and nickel coins, among which are several imitation twenty-dollar gold-pieces, eagles, and half-eagles (five dollars gold). Among the former are several of the so-called *SpieImarken*, which were for a time successfully imposed upon immigrants in European (especially Hamburg and Bremen) ports as genuine money. They are very clumsily made, of some sort of base metal which soon corrodes and gets green, and bear upon one side the coat-of-arms of the United States, the same as the genuine coin of the same denomination, and upon the reverse the word "*SpieImarken*," and, underneath, the figures "20." Although this would scarcely deceive a native American—the less so as the weight is very light, this imposition weighing only about one-half of the genuine coin that it represents—yet it is well calculated to deceive immigrants and foreigners generally; and it was in this field that it was principally used. It took a long time, and necessitated considerable correspondence on the part of the Department of State, to which the matter was referred, before this outrage could be stopped.

Besides the articles described above, some thirty-four costly printing-presses have been seized, in the hands of counterfeiters, during the present management of the Secret-Service Division; also, three transfer-presses and one perforating-machine, of the kind used in perforating the sheets of internal revenue and postage stamps.

All these things make up a most interesting and unique collection—the only one of its kind in America, if not in the world. But few outside of those who have been interested in their manufacture, use, and subsequent capture, have ever had their curiosity gratified by a view of these specimens, which are kept securely under lock and key. The Secret-Service Division is a *terra incognita* to most people; and the forbidding inscription upon its doors is never relaxed save by order of the Secretary of the Treasury or the chief of the division.

Not the least interesting feature in this museum of crime and cupidity is a scrap-book containing upward of a hundred specimens of the counterfeit bills that have ever been in circulation. This embraces legal-tenders, national-bank notes, fractional currency, postal currency, revenue-stamps of all descriptions, etc., etc. In saying "counterfeits," the contents of this volume are not exactly described; for there are some genuine bills that have been "raised." We thus see—or rather have our attention called to—a specimen that is, apparently, a perfectly good and genuine fifty-dollar greenback; the engraving, Treasury seal, and all, are perfect; and we do not see how there can be any doubt of its genuineness. But a very close inspection reveals the fact that it is a *genuine two-dollar bill* that has been "raised," by erasing the figure "2" and the word TWO, and "inlaying," as the technical term is, the figures "50" and the word FIFTY. The work is, however, most ingeniously done, both on the face and back; and the note would deceive everybody except an expert at bank-notes, thoroughly familiar with every detail in the design.

We are also shown several specimens of five-dollar and two-dollar bills which have

been "raised" in a similar manner to fifties and twenties. And there is one specimen—a genuine ten-dollar national-bank note—on which the figures and word announcing its denomination have been carefully erased by acids and otherwise, and the figures and word TWENTY printed on the blank spaces by the aid of a special plate engraved for the purpose—an improvement upon the pasting or "inlaying" method.

It is inexpressibly sad to think, in glancing over this scrap-book, to how much better advantage the art and talent therein displayed might have been employed. Men who, from their skill and industry, might to-day have held enviable positions in the trade to which they originally belonged, and in society generally, and have acquired handsome competencies by the honest exercise of their art, are at this moment languishing in prisons as convicts, because they wanted to make a "short cut" to fortune. Those cases are exceedingly few and far between in which counterfeiters have escaped the vigilance of the Secret Service and the just punishment of the law, even if temporary barriers have—as too frequently in the case of New-York City under the old régime—been thrown in the way of justice.

Until the millennium shall come, crime, in all its forms and stages, will prove the necessity of systems of protection from the lawless. Criminals will continue to keep pace with the times, and perpetrate their frauds systematically—more especially so the class, or classes, with which the Secret Service has to deal. Only when it is considered that the "business" of counterfeiting, although temporarily broken up, is one resting upon the solid basis of hundreds of thousands of capital, affording, from time to time, an unrighteous support to many hundred people, and pressing into its service the most subtle and ingenious minds, can the difficulties with which this branch of the government has to cope be approximately estimated. The Secret-Service Division is a gigantic machine, having its ramifications everywhere, and acts as a powerful instrument for good or evil, according to the hands that guide it. With all its energies directed toward the suppression of fraudulent practices throughout the land, it is a lasting terror to evil-doers, and a preventive, as well as a detector, of crime in all its phases. It is with pleasure that we accord to the present efficient chief of our national police, in closing this brief sketch of the operations of his division, the well-deserved encomium of the Scriptures, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

LOUIS BAGGER.

A NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

MANY a time have we watched the unfolding of this superb child of the soil, but never before devoted a whole evening to a study of its brief life, from the earliest opening of the bud to the midnight grandeur of full inflorescence. The night-blooming cereus, to whose short existence from dewy eve till morn it was our privilege to devote glad homage, was brought from a

neighboring conservatory to be our evening guest.

Cereus grandiflorus is the scientific name which distinguishes this variety of the large family to which it belongs. It is a member of the *Cactacea*, much cultivated in greenhouse and parlor for brilliantly-colored and fantastic flowers. The genus numbers about eight hundred members, and is found principally in tropical America, where it may be seen in the native beauty of luxuriant growth. There are many varieties of the cereus family, but the one before us is that most commonly cultivated in the greenhouse. The splendor of its flowers is considered an ample reward for the painstaking required, before the rough, angular stem studded with bristles puts forth the flower-stalk, and astounds the beholder with the short-lived and unequalled beauty of its inflorescence.

And now the unsightly plant, with its rough stem and graceless form, stands on the study-table, brilliantly lighted from above and below, that no opportunity may be lost in watching its full development. It is early in the evening, just as the twilight is fading into darkness. The life-principle is already in action. Drooping from the leafy stem, the flower-bud hangs suspended, as it were, in mid-air—a cylindrical bag of golden brown, with a just perceptible opening of the extremity, and a shy peeping out of the snowy petals. The cylinder is the tube of the corolla; the coloring of golden brown is that of the imbricated sepals; the creamy white belongs to the petals which are soon to unveil to our watching eyes their saintly purity of tint and rich luxuriance of development.

Other lovers of the kingdom of the flowers are grouped around the table, which this evening serves as a dais for the queen about to be enthroned. A basket of exquisite flowers—honeysuckle, tea-roses, and variegated leaves, with tropical warmth of coloring and delicately-pencilled beauty—is placed beneath the queen of the evening, and seems by its rich perfume to do homage to this gifted and rare exotic specimen of the floral race.

Now studying the flower, and now talking pleasantly, the evening passes. The bud, true to its destiny, gradually unfolds; the tube swells; the golden sepals spring out; the snowy petals expand; and from the depths within appear thread-like organs, gracefully resting on one side—the congregated stamens and pistil. With the most careful observation we cannot see a petal move; but none the less surely does the work of development go on, while, idly talking, we speculate on the wonders of the floral kingdom, and try to outvie each other in stories of vegetable growth. The century-plant, madeira-vine, the whole trailing tribe, and even Jack's "bean-stalk," serve for illustrations, while all the time, quietly, imperceptibly, and steadily, the flower expands.

At eleven o'clock we are the only observer. The glorious creature has turned back her golden train; softest satin, richest silk, cannot compare with the creamy tissues which form her robes of purest white; while from within the golden-tipped stamens, arranged in a circle, form a fitting crown. The queen has put on her glorious apparel; she has reached

the summit of her power; she sits enthroned, a miracle of floral beauty. Slowly her golden sepals turn farther back; slowly her pearly petals open more widely; slowly from her corolla project her curiously-wrought stigma and anthers, poised on thread-like filaments. We strain our eyes—we hardly breathe—hoping to catch even a slight perceptible movement. It is all in vain. Like the clouds whose fairies change to sphinxes, or colossal mountain-peaks to fantastic forms of animals, or sunset hues of molten gold to crimson, purple, and delicate flame, we see the result, but we cannot discern the process—so in the flower we cannot detect the faintest motion. We take hold of it, to examine it more closely; and a shower of pollen falls upon the white surface of the petals; fructification has already commenced.

In the stillness of the hour, in the felt presence of the beauty before us, fancy invents a thousand theories to account for the wondrous presence. Whence came the power that from the unsightly stem elaborated the pensile beauty which we almost worship? What is the incomprehensible æsthetic principle in the human organization which finds its complement in the frail, dreamy flower on which we are never tired of gazing? Whose artistic hand developed the same sap into the brown of the sepals and the white of the petals? From what exhaustless fountain came the perfume, overpowering when breathed too closely, and yet permeating the room with a delicious aroma? Whose skill fringed with inimitable grace the papillose stigma? Whose delicate fingers balanced the anthers on the hair-like filaments, and opened the tiny orifices to shed the fructifying pollen?

And yet this radiant creation is a comparatively small specimen of its kind. Three similar flowers, double in size, bloomed, a short time since, in the same conservatory to which our plant belongs, where in the brilliantly-lighted greenhouse they were objects of delighted interest to crowds of spectators. Our specimen does not compare with one of the McDonald variety which blossomed in the Royal Gardens of Kew, in 1851, where the length of the bud was fourteen inches, and the diameter of the expanded corolla was nearly as great; neither does it vie in coloring with the "Lady Maynard," which, fully expanded, is of a deep-orange red, and continues in bloom for three days; neither does it approach the colossal size of the *gigantea*, which in the desert-regions of New Mexico, growing in rocky valleys or on mountain-sides, or springing from crevices in the hard rock, rises to the height of sixty feet, standing like a grim sentinel amid the arid waste. But we are contented with the specimen our eyes behold. While we watch it we think of the tender care which has been bestowed on the nurture of this solitary flower, and remember that countless thousands of its kind are this very night blooming in lavish profusion in the forests of tropical America—magnificent in the perfection of native development; exhaustless in variety; towering in height; clustering in blossoms; overpowering in perfume; displaying their graces where foot of man has never trod, where eye has

never gazed, where human sense has never inhaled their fragrance.

While we are busy with our thoughts, excited by the unnatural stillness, and feeling as if there were a conscious life in the flower, slowly and solemnly the clock strikes the midnight hour, and we know that our charming queen will gather up her snowy train, and lay aside her golden crown. Her short life is ended; her day is done. We cannot see her brightness fade; and, putting out the lights, we leave to darkness and death the beauty, evanescent as a dream, and so soon to pass away.

We may see many more flowers of the night-blooming cereus, but this lovely and fragile creation, floating airily over the basket of flowers, filling the room with perfume, breathing with conscious life, will be painted on the memory with a brilliancy of coloring and vigor of outline which no after-impression of its kind will ever efface.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

EVENING IN TOMPKINS SQUARE.

A DWELLER on the west side of New York City may learn a few things by walking over to the east side on a summer evening and making an inspection of Tompkins Square. There is not enough in the name of the place or in its historic memories to draw one very far, for the first is in effect a prefix sinister, and the second relates chiefly to militia manoeuvres. It is infamous for being hot, dusty, and low. The "low" meaning, "the resort for poor people." Nobody has a good word for it; it sounds in the ears of one's neighbors like the mention of the place where "the sun biteth like the serpent, and all manner of foulness riseth up from out the earth."

To tell the truth, it is not a grassy mead, sweet with the scents of flowers, but is a broad parade comprising some eight acres of bare gravel. The park commissioners have lately improved it by erecting a massive iron fence, with a series of tall and ornamented granite posts. Immediately within the limits described by these are parterres of tobyweed, rigorously separated from the square proper by the brown post and chain which the municipality loves so well. Trees of various sorts have been set out, and are doing a great deal better than might have been expected, from the aridity of the soil in which they are placed, though they are yet small and practically useless as shades.

Upon the north side of the square is a pretty porter's lodge, and opposite it is an open kiosk of graceful shape. There is a drinking-fountain upon the west side, and the one broad promenade which encircles the parade is lined with easy-benches.

The immediate surroundings of the square are neat and orderly. The houses are of plain and durable character, though it is clear that the builders of some of the more expensive ones hoped for a richer class of residents than that which occupies them.

The square is near the heart of the great

German quarter, or of "Little Germany." The tide of immigration has left an eddy in this locality, and every person that one meets is a drop of this eddy. All are Germans.

Therefore, the principal users of the square are Germans; they are the ones who enjoy its space, its openness, and freedom.

After the stoppage of work and after supper there still remain two valuable hours of light. The man who toils and the woman who slaves know the worth of these two hours. It is the sole time to read, to purchase, to walk, to breathe, to chat, to laugh, and to rest with the delicious consciousness of resting.

The people in this neighborhood, when they find themselves possessed of two such hours or any part of them, go immediately to Tompkins Square to pass them away.

At half-past six the gates begin to be thronged; at seven the current still runs in rapidly from all the adjacent streets; at half-past seven all have come who intend to come, and the ground, which, in the warm glare of the day was given up to a few stragglers who hurried across it only to gain time, is thronged with thousands of sitters and walkers.

It is a throng such as can be seen nowhere else. It seeks after pure pleasure in the most natural way. And this cannot be said of the frequenters of many places of amusement. Even Central Park, with all its glory of size and embellishment, does not permit to its visitors an indulgence in those peculiar delights of ease and mirth that are the gifts of the humbler spot. Its atmosphere is chilling to careless bareheadedness and to the abandonment of shirt-sleeves and chorus-singing.

Tompkins Square, with all its ugliness, diffuses more real satisfaction at the smallest cost of artificiality, than any place in the city. No money is required to enter it, no custom prescribes dress, no ordinance is violated by going wherever the spirit leads, and no patterns of more prosperous people torment the lookers-on. This last reason is perhaps the true one, why the pleasure that the people obtain here is so genuine.

The carpenters, the printers, the painters, the foundrymen, the smiths, meet nobody but carpenters, and printers, and painters, and foundrymen, and smiths. In the surrounding streets they see only hucksters' carts, green horse-cars, and butchers' drays. Clarence and fours-in-hand are not present to stir up uneasy ambitions; the world they see is of a single color, and that color is their color.

Hence, they come and sit in their shirt-sleeves, feeling sure that they will meet friends in shirt-sleeves. They smoke their pipes in unison, laugh in chorus, and chat *en commun*.

The scene presented here, just after the sun has disappeared behind the houses on the western side, is something charming. The broad surface of the square will be covered with six or seven thousand people of both sexes and of all ages. Those who are in want of exercise will go upon the parade, strip off their coats, and throw base-balls about. A hundred small games between boys will be in progress at once, and the air will be laden with shouts and shrill hails. There will always be a violent running going on, an

indefinite and an apparently purposeless chasing and struggling, and one must put it down to "wild exuberance." Now and then one sees a fellow rush straight up to another fellow, and begin to wrestle with him without any explanation. Another will run about in circles like an angry cockerel, with his face in the air, and, after some seconds, will shoot out his hands and receive a ball from the sky. There will be numberless short races always in progress, and a sub-current of boys will be continually foaming about, with no end in view but to overtake each other. It will be a picture of desperate fight-for-it enjoyment, and no man shall say that it is not obtained.

The broad promenade will be at the same time full of small comedies and *genre* pictures that would delight the soul of the dullest. Each of the numerous benches will have its full complement of sitters—four. They will all face inward upon the path, and the current of strollers will pass them in review. A large proportion of them will be aged men and women too feeble to walk much, and yet too wide-awake to the value of such healthy opportunities to miss being here. The men will smoke long pipes, their wives will sit beside them and knit, and the younger people will come up and talk to them on their way past.

If a grandfather fancies it will be to his comfort to bare his arms to his elbow he does it straightway, and also takes off his hat and opens his shirt at the neck. If he, being a Würtemberger, meet another Würtemberger, then there will be great joy. It will be a time for reminiscences and hilarity. Another class of sitters will be the wan and pallid sick, who will lean back and gratefully watch the throng that moves in front of them. Another will be the weary, overworked, with their stained clothing still upon their shoulders, and with their throbbing heads bared to the grateful air. Sometimes one finds them nodding, or, perhaps, with their heads laid upon the rails fast asleep. Another class will be of young girls, with yellow, braided hair, who, under the eyes of their mothers, will sit primly erect in graduated rows, and stare silently upon what passes before them. Another will be of the reflectors; another will be of the gay jokers, who will have their roaring knots of compatriots; another will be of the stupid, seated upon the smalls of their backs, silent, distraught, and listless to the last degree.

The current of people eight or ten deep, which flows ceaselessly around the square, will be really the great sight.

Men, women, and children, plod along at a rapid pace, all going in one direction, from west to east, and from north to south. One would say that the Pied Piper of Hamelin had something to do with it, so regular is their march and so intent do they seem upon some object in advance. But their object will be nothing but exercise and companionship. Middle-aged people, young people, and children, in all manners of attire, press on in rows, and turn the corners with the formal gravity of grenadiers.

The principal feature of the procession will be the infants. The whole place is a sort

of out-of-door nursery and sanitarium. Every third person that walks in the ranks has a child in charge. The carriages, which are principally of the three-wheel pattern, are practically without number, and, as they roll their ways along over the gravel, they make a sort of grating roar, which is all their own.

The principal business of the column seems to be, first, to proceed, and, second, to keep the babies in their seats. The care of the infants is by no means exclusively delegated to the mothers. The fathers take part. The nurses number quite as many men as they do women, and of the two a wholly unbiassed observer would give the palm to the former for care and attention. They treat the matter as one of supreme importance, and they wheel their babies with a business-like earnestness that contrasts favorably with the rather indifferent ways of the mothers. It is no uncommon thing to see a woman's charge halfway out of its chariot chirruping to some other woman's charge, also in the same dangerous position, while the matrons themselves are stepping along at a rapid pace, absorbed in a gossip.

A man's infant is never permitted to stir an inch; it is kept in its place, and the fresh air and change of scene is given it with a sort of severity. It is not an unpleasing sight to see a tired-looking father, with some of the dust of his work still upon his face and hands, carefully wheeling his babies over the course, and with his eyes constantly fastened upon their small white heads; nor is its companion-piece—a tired-looking mother with a child held to her breast—any less so. The presence of these helpless ones elevates this place far above any of like design.

It is when a park may be made to administer its benefits to such little creatures that it completes its best purpose.

When the evening draws to a close, and the shades begin to fall, then the square becomes to the spectator something fine. The colors of the western sky deepen and grow heavy. Rich red and rich purple supplant the brilliancies of the sunset. The blue heavens become black, and cool breaths come down from over the distant house-tops.

The Hanoverians and the Brunswickers and the Prussians and the Mecklenburgers still come on in streams and disappear in the dusk beyond. Strange voices in strange tongues carry on the bewildering talk, soft gleams of pipe-fires tell where sit the smokers, and the hoarse cries and the laughter from the play-ground say that the fun is not yet stopped. Hans and Otto, and Ludwig and Carl, arm-in-arm, come down the path singing a *Volklied*, and all the yellow-haired girls turn their heads to listen. The lights spring up upon the walks and in the shops on the southern side; the noises of the streets begin to lessen, and the young men and the young women walk closer to each other. As it becomes darker, one sees nothing but ghosts on the parade, and in the walk, and upon the benches, and if one leaves them at nine, it will seem that they intend to remain there the livelong night, and no doubt some of them do, or at least until law-and-order comes up with its badge and club and moves them on.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

THE drama and opera have brought before the public many an imaginary hero associated with an historic name. A close inspection of the facts and traditions of history has shown on what a light and airy foundation the character has been builded, and has often proved even the name to be a misnomer. The German popular legend of "Faust" is evolved from the shadowy myths of centuries. It cannot be proved that Lucrezia Borgia was a poisoner, or any such terrible character as is associated with the name. One has only to read Walter Scott's story of "Macbeth" to learn how marvelous was the inventive genius of Shakespeare. Even the story of "William Tell" begins to dissolve in the strong light of historical research. It is a humiliating fact that the world's choicest characters of literature and the highest art are idealities—myths.

The operatic story of "Robert the Devil" belongs to these high-colored and magnificent fictions. The popular impression of the festive duke, which the genius of Meyerbeer has made upon the world, is far from correct; the father of William the Conqueror was not a good nor a wise ruler, even as rulers went in those rude times, but he was scarcely more of a fiend than his predecessors. The picture of Robert, as it exists in the popular mind at the present time, is well drawn in the following stanzas, translated from the opera:

"Oh, long ago, in Normandy,
A valiant prince there chanced to reign;
He lived in peace—his wife he loved,
And yet he lived a life of pain.

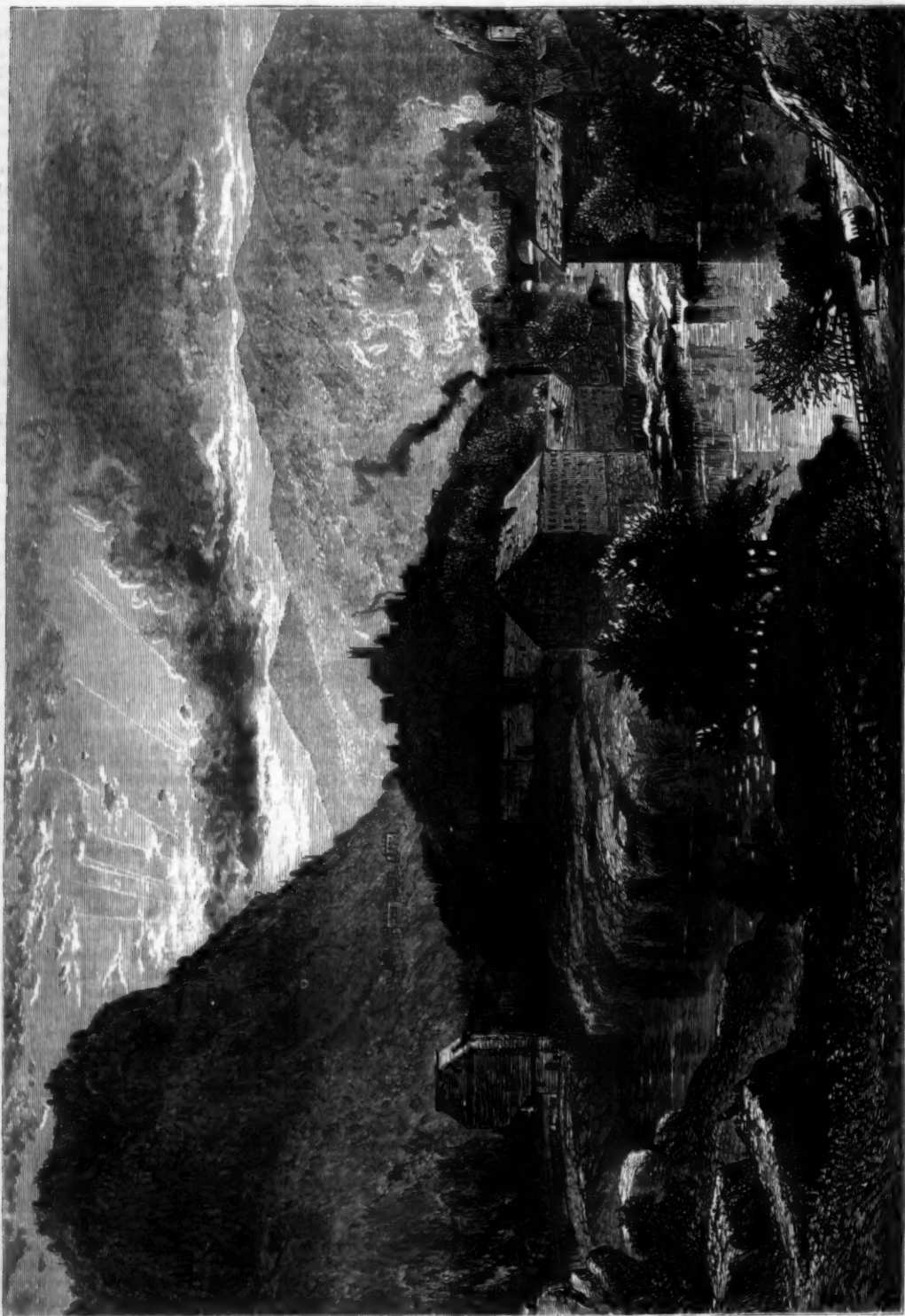
"No child had he; for years and years
He knelt at shrines—he knelt and prayed;
But all in vain—yes, all in vain,
Was every sacrifice he made.

"Then loud he swore, before the court,
That if a son to him were born,
He would devote him to the fiend,
And let his soul from heaven be torn.

"And then in time there came a son,
Of all the land the dread and shame—
Robert, Robert—the demon's own,
And truly he deserves the name."

Richard was not a childless king, and Robert was not his only son. He had no cause for anxiety in regard to the succession, there was no need of prayers on this point to gods, saints, or fiends. But the history and story of "Robert the Devil," apart from any mythical coloring, is a very interesting one, and the lights and shades of his character are at once a painful and pleasing study.

Robert le Magnifique, of Normandy, whom historians and archaeologists have associated with the certain imaginary or legendary hero, called Robert le Diable, and whom other writers have enlisted in the train of the "Wilder Jäger," or "Wild Huntsman," succeeded Richard his father on the Norman throne, in 1024. He had been a wild and wayward youth, and, at the height of his reckless career, he had rebelled against his father, and, at the head of an army of adventurous youths, had shut himself up in the old town of Falaise. Richard, with his veterans, besieged the town, and compelled young Robert to sue



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for peace. A treaty was made between the father and son, and the former returned in triumph to Rouen to celebrate the victory.

The reconciliation was celebrated by a most magnificent banquet in the palatial Castle of Rollo. In the midst of the music, the wine and the festivity, Richard was smitten with a sudden sickness, and he passed from the hall to his death-bed. While the feast was at its height, the funeral-bells were already tolling. There had been poison in the duke's cup, and it was whispered that the deadly draught had been prepared by Robert.

The magnifico began his reign by appealing to popular favor. Courteous, debonair, and benign, liberal to his retainers and considerate of the poor, he soon hushed the whispers that had associated his hand with his father's decease. It is said that his gifts were so liberal that some of the recipients died of joy. "Yet, despite his generosity," remarks an historian, "Robert's general conduct was unsatisfactory, and to the last years of his life he displayed all that wild, exuberant hilarity which saddens the thoughtful observer more than grief."

Falaise, with its rural beauties and inviting hunting-grounds, became his favorite residence. The place was the centre of the leather-trade in Normandy, and foreign dealers in doe, calf, and sheep skin, resorted to the thriving *bourgade*, and were welcomed as residents.

The tanners of Falaise were classed with the lowest orders of society. No trade was regarded so low as that of skinning beasts. And not only were the tanners themselves despised, but all employments dealing with raw-hide shared the same obloquy.

There was at this time at Falaise a tanner by the name of Fulbert, who had a daughter of marvelous grace and beauty, called Arletta. She attracted Robert's attention, and used to put herself in his way, dressed in a manner to shed the utmost lustre upon her charms. He fell in love with her, madly in love, and soon it became gossiped about the place that Duke Robert kept company with the tanner's daughter.

The window is yet shown in Falaise, through which it is said that the duke first saw the charming Arletta. It is said that he was first attracted by seeing her little feet in a translucent streamlet, which, if true, was very poetical.

Arletta's arts soon made the flighty, hilarious Robert a bold lover. A son was at last acknowledged as their offspring. Robert bestowed upon the boy, the future conqueror of England, the ancestral name of *Guillaume* (William), and ordered that he should be brought up in the house of his grandfather, the tanner.

The connection of the Duke with the tanner's daughter was highly resented by the nobility of Normandy. It is said that when old Baron Talous first looked upon Arletta and her child, he exclaimed, "Shame! shame! shame! for by thee and thine shall I and mine be brought to loss and dishonor!"

The opposition of the nobility to the duke's intimacy with Arletta only served to inflame his passion. He raised Fulbert from a tanner to court-chamberlain, and no longer

made a secret of his attachment to the tanner's daughter. He brought her to court, and caused her to be attended with all the ceremonial splendors of titular dignity and fortune.

The magnifico was so liberal and debonair that the people seemed willing at last to overlook his weakness in respect to Arletta, but all his liberality could not purchase favor for his child. Wherever William, the illegitimate, appeared, he was less associated with the grandeur of the court than with the unsavory air of the tan-yard. In his boyhood William the Conqueror was always spoken of with contemptuous appellations which bore record to his father's sin.

Robert loved his son as well as Arletta. The hatred of the boy by the nobility maddened him. Wars were waged, political and foreign, and in these Robert sustained a character so closely resembling that of a fiend, that it is not surprising that he should have been called "le Diable." To plunder, harry, and burn, were his orders to his troops, and, wherever he went he was victorious, and left a black track of desolation behind. But, notwithstanding his victories, he was ever restless and sad at heart. His love for Arletta and the boy William was not changed by absence; it haunted him amid the peril of the battle and the silence of the camp-fire. His heart was set upon it, that the tanner's son should succeed him on the throne; he knew that the boy's name was a byword associated with the tan-yard and its sickening pools.

Amid all of his merry-makings, there was a shade of melancholy in his face that showed that his heart was still heavy. His conscience, too, was ill at ease, and he at last became weary of this perpetual unrest, and tired of the splendors of royalty and the celebrations of victory. He wished to leave the duchy, to engage in some conscience-quieting exploit, to feast his eye on new scenes, and to lend his ear to new minstrelsy.

Suddenly, Robert convened an assembly of his prelates and nobles, declaring that he had an important intention to communicate. They came together with much anxiety, when the duke announced to them that he had made a vow to become a pilgrim to the Holy Land. The assembly received the intelligence with consternation. The perils of the pilgrimage were great, and were he to die, who would be his successor?

Robert, the victor, at this critical hour turned himself into a beggar. With an unkingly humiliation, he pleaded with the nobles to acknowledge William as his heir. "All the nausea," says an historian, "all the remorse, all the prickings of conscience, all the stings of worldly shame, all the feelings of love and sin which chastise his crime, were concentrated in that miserable hour." The prelates and barons remonstrated, but so piteously did the generous, unhappy, penitent duke plead, that he won his case. William was accepted as his successor, and the proud old barons performed homage and fealty to the grandson of the despised tanner.

And now the duke began his pilgrimage, barefooted, bareheaded, without even an upper garment; and with him it proved but a

journey to the grave. If the palmer himself dressed sparingly at times, his train was most splendid. Heralds went before him, his mules were shod with gold, and he scattered wealth wherever he went in riotous profusion.

At length he reached the Levant, and was borne along on a palanquin by his Oriental attendants, a dying man. Meeting a Norman palmer returning from the Holy City, he said: "Tell my people, when you get home, that you saw the devils bearing me to paradise." He visited Jerusalem, departed, and, dying at Nice, of poison, was entombed in the great cathedral, in 1085. His remains were finally brought to Normandy.

Such was the historical personage whom Meyerbeer, in 1831, thrust upon the lyric stage, to startle, fascinate, charm, and even awe, the music-loving cities of Continental Europe. No opera ever created such excitement on the Parisian stage. It was adapted to all lands. It possessed Oriental gorgeousness, German supernaturalism, "French vivacity, and Italian brilliancy." The tender Normandy song of Alice, the sublime scene at the cross with its mystical interpretations, the grand and shadowy effects of the rising of the nuns from their graves, and the loftiness and beauty of the closing scenes, gave it a popularity which no previous effort of the composer had received. The scenic accessories essential to the production of the opera, as well as its peculiarities of instrumentation and acting, have made its popularity less enduring than "The Huguenots," and it has been put upon the American lyric stage only a few times during the past decade.

HEERKIAN BUTTERWORTH.

AMONG THE BULLS AND BEARS.

"SUPPOSE we take a look at the menagerie?" suggested my Wall-Street friend.

"The menagerie? Where is it?"

"Just up the street. We sometimes call it the bear-garden, or the lunatic asylum, for a change."

By either of these names, it seems, the New-York Stock Exchange is more familiarly known in the region of bulls and bears than by its proper one. A stranger, entering at a time of excitement in the stock-market, would certainly consider the last name the most appropriate. At such a time, downright madness seems to rule supreme. The scene presented is one of such clamor, confusion, furious gesticulation, and wild surging and swaying of the crowds of brokers on the floor, that a person witnessing it for the first time might very naturally regard the roaring, hustling, bellowing throng as a mass-meeting of violent lunatics.

Standing in the gallery provided for the public, and looking down upon the three or four hundred men who struggle and shout and scramble below, the stranger may well wonder what all the tumult is about, and whether any real business can be done in the midst of such mad confusion. It seems im-

possible that these men can understand each other. They are scattered in swaying groups over the floor of the large chamber, and almost every man in each group appears to be in desperate altercation with his neighbor. A hundred hands are shaking violently before a hundred faces; a hundred throats are roaring as though their owners were so many screaming dervishes; and, to make the deafening din still greater, squads of well-grown boys rush hither and thither between the groups, calling brokers by name in the highest and shrillest key their voices can command. Surely, no bedlam ever presented a more turbulent scene, or one more dazing and bewildering to an unaccustomed mind, than may be witnessed in the Stock Exchange when the excitements of a field-day stir up the spir-its of the bulls and bears.

About eighty years ago—in 1792—this famous "institution" was established. If the ruin it has wrought, financially and morally, as well as the good it has done—the millions that have been lost and the fortunes that have been turned, the brains that have been turned, the hearts that have been crushed, and the homes that have been destroyed, or made prosperous and bright, since speculation began within its walls—if all these could be ascertained and fittingly described, they would form an impressive and valuable study for philanthropist or economist. It is, and always has been, a sort of maelstrom, in which argosy after argosy has been engulfed and utterly wrecked; and yet so powerful is the charm of speculation that all the costly lessons which the Stock Exchange has taught have failed to warn inexperienced mariners from its dangerous straits, where Scylla surely awaits them upon one side, and Charybdis as surely on the other. Of course, all who venture thither hope to pass through in safety; but the hope, except in rare instances, is never realized. Almost as well might a person who could not swim throw himself into deep water with the hope that some accident would save him from drowning. I speak now of speculators of the class known in Wall Street as "the dear public." The regular professionals of the street are not to be confounded with them. The latter are the whales, and the former the little fish, or "small fry," on which they feed. He must be a very clever little fish, indeed, who can always get away from the leviathan.

Strangers visiting the Stock Exchange always express surprise at the youthfulness of the men by whom the enormous business of the place is transacted. Hearing so often of the money-kings of New York, and naturally picturing to themselves solid-looking men, well on in middle life, as the bulls and bears of the great stock-market, they are astonished at finding merely a multitude of young men, most of whom have the appearance of clerks, and any one of whom will, on the slightest provocation, yell at an unknown visitor like a Comanche or Apache savage. The magnates of the street, who are the men we all read of in the newspapers, are hardly ever seen in the Exchange, and some even are not members of it. They generally remain in the background, concoct their plans in little pri-

vate offices, and issue instructions to their various brokers as a general issues orders to his subalterns on a battle-field. One of these magnates may have half a dozen brokers employed in the Exchange at the same time, without one of the six knowing that five others are executing orders from the same man that employs him. It is by the secrecy of their operations that the leading bulls and bears achieve particular success; and, in order that there shall be no leakage of information, they keep all their plans and purposes to themselves. The whole number of brokers who have the privilege of trading in the Exchange is about one thousand, while the number of operators recognized as leaders probably does not exceed twenty-five or thirty. These are the captains who organize and conduct campaigns; the others are the rank and file who do the fighting—bellowing and goring, or growling and squeaking, according to their classification under the signs of Taurus and Uraus.

A broker desiring to become a member of the Exchange is required to undergo a sort of inquisition before a committee, in order that his qualifications may be determined. He must also make a full statement of his business affairs, and satisfy the committee that he is in a proper financial condition. If he passes the examination successfully, he must then purchase a seat in the board, or, in other words, pay for the privilege of membership. This privilege is an expensive one. At the present time a seat costs from eight to nine thousand dollars, which must be paid before the purchaser can do any business in the Exchange. A year ago the price was from four to five thousand. The value of seats varies according to the demand. If a broker fails in business, he can neither use his seat nor sell it until his affairs are settled; the seat is held as part of his assets, and may be sold for the benefit of his creditors. Taking the number of seats in the board at one thousand ("seat," by-the-way, is a misnomer, for seats would only be in the way during the daily battles on the floor), and the price of each at nine thousand dollars, the total value of membership in the Stock Exchange is found to reach nearly a million dollars—an increase of one hundred per cent. within a year.

It requires very stringent rules to keep the lively gentlemen of the Exchange within any bounds of propriety. A stock-broker, though he be thirty years old (and not many are much beyond this age), is just as sure to be in mischief as an irrepressible school-boy, unless business or the rules of the board deter him. He is a volatile and exuberant animal, who finds delight in pranks and peccadilloes, and looks upon the playing of practical jokes almost as a duty. Anecdotes innumerable might be told to illustrate his *penchant* for fun and frolic. When not engaged "bulling" or "bearing" stocks, he is pretty sure to be found indulging in some wild sort of capers with "the boys," this being the familiar and standard term for his associates. Now and then, when business is dull, he starts a war-whoop, in which he is quickly joined by fifty others; and presently he and the fifty are "skylarking" all over the hall. If the

season be the end of summer, when the time for discarding white hats is supposed to have arrived, and a member enters with one of these objects on his head, it is sure to come to grief immediately. Before he is fairly inside, a howl of derision is raised, and the hat knocked off and kicked in turn by every foot that can reach it. The owner takes all this as a matter of course, and seldom loses his temper over it, even though he himself be hustled all over the hall after his hat. Next day he may have a chance to retaliate, and he surely will not allow it to pass unimproved.

The entrance of a new member affords a gala-time to the boys. He must be initiated without delay, and, as he knows this beforehand, he prepares himself for the ordeal. The moment he enters, a signal that all understand is given by some one near him. It is no sooner heard through the hall than a wild, demoniac yell is raised, and the new-comer is instantly surrounded by a scrambling, screaming, shoving crowd. His hat is likely to be the first object of attack. The brokers seem to have a special antipathy to hats when the mood for frolic is on. If they do not crush the neophyte's felt or castor over his eyes, they are sure to send it flying to the ceiling, some sixty feet above, and each time it comes down it is returned heavenward with an exultant shout. In the mean time, its owner is receiving attentions not much milder than those bestowed on the hat. The boys have taken him in hand, and are hustling and hauling him all around the chamber. If he is not too heavy to be lifted, they have taken him up bodily, and are playing a queer game of pitch-and-toss with him, throwing him hither and thither, from one group to another; as though he were an effigy rather than a man. Presently, perhaps, they get him to the centre of the hall, where there is a large table, and, despite his struggles to get away, he is laid flat on this, and subjected to a new process of jocular persecution. As many of the boys as are within reaching distance seize him by legs, feet, arms, and head, and pull and drag him over the table, now to one side, now to another, until the poor fellow, who generally preserves good-nature all through, is almost breathless. When they finally release him his hair is all over his face, his collar and cravat probably have disappeared, his hat is battered utterly out of shape, his coat is either rent down the back or deprived of a skirt, one of his boots, if not both, has parted company with his feet, and his vest and linen are "mussed" in a way to make a proper housewife groan with despair. But the ordeal is now past, the new man has become a broker in good standing, and is ready an hour later to join his persecutors in new mischief, or contribute his share to the uproar of a struggle between bulls and bears.

But there is no delight so enjoyable to these mischievous merry-makers as that of catching a stray countryman on the floor. The Stock Exchange seems to have particular attractions for our bucolic friends coming to town on a visit. They have heard a great deal about it, and, being in town, they want to see what it is. It is against the rules for any person not a

member to go upon the floor, but occasionally a gentleman from the "rural deestricks," equipped with carpet-bag and umbrella, and knowing nothing about this rule, slips past the door-keeper unnoticed. But, if the door-keeper overlooks him, the boys do not. The instant he is seen, two or three brokers move quietly between him and the door, and then elbow and push him forward, apparently by accident, until they get him a considerable distance from it. One of them then cries out:

"New Tennessees!"

The meaning of this is known by all. It is a signal that a stranger is on the floor. Instantly the whole business of the place is suspended, a terrific yell is raised—one that would do credit to any band of savages on the continent—and the frightened and bewildered countryman finds himself pitched and hustled hither and thither, up and down, across and around, by a surging, screaming, laughing crowd, and, if he looks upward, he may see his hat dancing through the air in one direction, his carpet-bag in another, and his venerable umbrella in a third. But, fortunately for the stranger, there is help at hand. One of the door-keepers dashes into the crowd, grasps him by the collar, and pulls him by main force to the door, whither his hat, carpet-bag, and umbrella, follow him, and he makes his way to the street as quickly as he can, hardly knowing whether he has escaped from a band of Indians or a lunatic asylum, but very glad to have escaped at all. It is very rarely that any one is injured in these sports of the brokers. The play may be somewhat rough, but there is no intention to hurt, and nerves and clothing suffer about the only damage that is done.

Of the thousands of practical jokes played in the Exchange, one—of a comparatively harmless character—may be related. The cloak-room connected with the hall is a receptacle for the overcoats, canes, and overshoes of members. One very disagreeable day last winter, when the streets were deep in slush, business was extremely dull, and the spirits of the boys were considerably depressed as well. Owing to the condition of the streets, most of the brokers had worn overshoes, chiefly of the kind known as arctics, when going to the board, and all the shoes were, as usual, deposited in the cloak-room. When the dullness of the day had become almost intolerable, one of the boys conceived a bright idea to relieve it. Moving slyly to the cloak-room, he got a large cloak and spread it on the floor. Then gathering all the shoes within his reach into the cloak, he picked up his prize and moved quietly back to the hall, stationing himself in a corner, with the bundle at his feet. A minute later a shoe was seen whirling through the air, and then another, and another. The brokers, thinking some one was throwing their shoes out of the cloak-room, made a rush thither, but found no one there. Then, turning around, they found the air rapidly thickening with overshoes, which soon fell in a heavy shower on their heads. It did not take them long to find out the cause of the phenomena. The man with the bundle was quickly discovered, and in an instant the spirit of mis-

chief had broken loose all through the hall. The shower of shoes thickened and thickened, until the air became actually dark with these articles, and, when the sport finally ceased, the overshoes of two or three hundred members were so mixed and scattered about that to sort and mate them again would be almost impossible. Many of the boys had to return from the board that day without the customary protection for their feet, but the frolic they had enjoyed reconciled them to the temporary discomfort.

The readiness with which those Wall-Street merry men pass from absorbing business to school-boy fun, might be shown by a hundred illustrations, but one will suffice here. The incident occurred recently, and on a day when the Exchange was half wild with panic. Some failures had occurred, and apprehensions of many more were in all minds. The hall was packed with brokers, and the excitement was intense. Almost every man present was anxious to sell, in order to escape the expected crash, and the groups scattered over the floor were pushing, roaring, driving, bellowing, gesticulating, as they do only when the market is panic-stricken. Suddenly, when the tumult was at its height, a man wearing a peculiar white hat appeared in the gallery. A broker, turning from one of the groups, looked up and saw him. No sooner did his eye take in the unusual *chapeau*, than he faced the stranger and roared:

"Take off that hat!"

Instantly the panic was forgotten, the whole business of the Exchange came to a sudden stop, and almost every man on the floor looked to the gallery and shouted, at the top of his voice:

"Take off that hat!"

The order was not obeyed for some time, so the shrill cry went up again and again. Presently the man took off the obnoxious hat, made a mock bow to the crowd below, waving the hat at the same time, and then retired. As quickly as the brokers had stopped business they were at it again, and a person going in a moment later, and marking the eagerness on each face, and the clamor raging all over the place, could hardly believe that such a scene as the one described had just been enacted.

At one end of the main hall, and facing the gallery, is a spacious rostrum, where seats and desks are provided for the officers of the board. At this rostrum most of the official business of the Exchange is transacted. But the brokers no not seem to have much more respect for official than for personal character. All formal announcements to the board are made by an officer, generally the chairman. The brokers are scattered in groups over the hall, buying and selling, and keeping up a din that swells through the whole building, and out to the surrounding streets. A notice, perhaps of a failure, is to be read, and the chairman rises with a piece of paper in one hand, and a large gavel, that looks like a carpenter's mallet, in the other. He pounds, not merely raps, on a desk with the gavel for several seconds before the brokers come to order. One after another the groups separate, and the men crowd up in front of the rostrum. When they become compara-

tively quiet (they are never wholly so), the chairman reads something from the piece of paper. If the communication be an important one, they attend with considerable interest. If it be unimportant, they simply receive it with a howl of derision, a sort of prolonged "A-a-a-h-h!" that rings and reverberates through the hall, and, in less time than it took to read the notice, the groups are formed again, and the struggle of bulls and bears is resumed.

Often the announcement of a failure has no other effect upon them than to elicit a thundering "B-a-a-h!" followed by a long, loud laugh. But it is not indifference to a comrade's misfortune that causes the boys to act in this manner when he gets into trouble. Wall-Street brokers are for the most part generous-hearted fellows, and as a class they are rarely behind in deeds of charity. But they must have their fun, and frequently they are rather careless as to whether the object of it be a suitable one or not. As an instance of their off-hand generosity, may be cited the subscription of a purse of three hundred dollars in the Exchange, for the boy who was saved from the wreck of the Atlantic. The boy was brought into the hall by a broker, and placed on a table where all could see him, and in a few minutes the purse was made up and given to him.

Often their generosity has also been creditably shown when a member died, leaving a widow or children in destitute or comparatively destitute circumstances. In such cases, liberal sums have frequently been subscribed, and many families have been kept out of absolute want by the timely and liberal aid thus rendered. Recently, however, a plan somewhat similar to that of life-insurance has been adopted in the Exchange. By this plan, which has been incorporated in the by-laws, it is provided that, on the death of a member, each broker shall pay ten dollars into a special fund, for the widow or orphans or other legal heirs. No member can avoid payment, for the sum is charged to his account, and its payment is compulsory. As there are about a thousand brokers in the board, the assessment foots up about ten thousand dollars, and this sum is paid over without any avoidable delay.

During business-hours in the Exchange, the entrances to the hall present the spectacle of a continuous stream of men and boys passing in and out, each human atom in the stream apparently impelled by a conviction that to go at every thing with the rush of a tempest is the chief object of existence. The men are mostly brokers, going to the floor or returning from it, and the boys are messengers, whose business is to carry notes from the board to the various offices in the neighborhood, or *vice versa*. Many of the boys are dressed in uniform, consisting of dark-blue jacket, trousers, and cap, with red-cord facing on the jacket, and a few gilt letters on the cap. These boys are employed by a company. They are paid a small sum—five, ten, or twenty-five cents, according to the time occupied—for each message delivered, and the money goes to the company, by which they are paid a stated weekly salary. They are not permitted on the floor

among the brokers, where they would be in the way, but stand behind a railing that separates the privileged from the unprivileged, ready to fly off like young Mercuries in uniform the instant an order is given.

Another class of boys, larger than the messengers, mingle with the surging groups of brokers. They also are in uniform, but it is plain gray—in color, though not in cut, similar to that worn by our military cadets. Their business is to call out the names of brokers who are wanted by messengers at the railing, and to deliver notes on the floor. The vocal power of these youths is simply tremendous. No matter how deafening the clamor may be, they have no difficulty in pitching their voices above it. They walk quickly through the hall, past one group after another, with head thrown back, mouth open, and voice raised almost to a yell, shouting the name of some one who is wanted, and this is kept up from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. If their throats cannot stand the exercise better than the ears which hear them in the gallery, their region of thorax and larynx is probably often out of order.

In different parts of the hall, but so placed as not to be in the way of the brokers, telegraphic instruments are in constant operation. At each instrument sits an operator, and each operator is assisted by a reporter, whose business is to visit the groups on the floor (each active stock has a place and group of its own), and ascertain the various transactions. These are quickly reported to the operator, who immediately transmits them to a central office, where they are instantly repeated upon wires which connect with hundreds of "indicators" in brokers' offices, banks, hotels, and even private residences throughout the city. By the aid of the indicators, which have been in use only a few years, the course of the market may be watched as accurately in a hotel or private house anywhere up-town as in the exchange itself. The transmission of quotations is almost instantaneous, and generally correct. The indicator prints on a paper tape the name of the stock or security (not the full name, of course, for that would take too much time, but the abbreviation by which the stock is known), and the price for the moment, immediately after the transaction is made. Many speculators of the smaller class, and some of the larger, content themselves with observing the course of the market as it is shown by an indicator two or three miles away from Wall Street, and telegraphing instructions to their brokers instead of visiting them personally. In almost any of our large hotels, groups of eager watchers may be seen around the stock-indicator during business hours at the Exchange, intently watching the quotations as they successively appear. These men are all of "the dear public" class, and there is scarcely one among them who has not lost money by the fascinations of stock-gambling.

Of the various and frequently nefarious schemes whereby the leading operators manipulate the market, running prices up to-day and down to-morrow, "washing" this stock, "cornering" that one, and making a "pool" in a third, there is no need to speak

in the present article. It would take a long paper to describe and explain even a few of them. But there are not many intelligent persons in this country who do not know that ninety-nine hundredths of those who speculate in stocks are practically at the mercy of the remaining fraction. Half a dozen leaders, acting through a combination, can do just as they please with a stock in which a hundred or a thousand other men, who have no combination, are deeply interested. It is the history of Wall Street, that a few men make all the money, while the victims are numbered by thousands, and may be found in all parts of the country. The calling of speculation (it is a business only to the brokers and a few leaders of the market) is the most precarious and dangerous that any man can engage in, and the entire loss of the money risked in it is almost inevitable. And a very strange feature of it is, that the speculator is pretty sure to make money at first. His beginnings are generally profitable, and he is thus tempted to go on, and risk more and more of the little capital he has acquired by hard labor; but presently the tide will turn, and, with a single sweep, perhaps, carry off every dollar he has made, and the few thousands he began with as well. Nine-tenths of those who take money to Wall Street to speculate, might as well throw it into the sea at once.

DANIEL CONNELLY.

TALLULAH FALLS.

CONTINUALLY baffled and turned aside from its proper course by huge boulders, the beautiful little river, named by the Indians Tarrurah, or Tallulah, leaps and murmurs and sparkles through the wildest gorges and cañons of that wonderful mountain-region lying in the northeast corner of Georgia. Born in a hundred high, cliff-locked places, the waters of this stream are collected by means of converging ravines, and form a clear, cold volume, varying in width from twenty to one hundred feet, that plunges through a stupendous fissure in a chain of outlying, rock-ribbed mountains, and leaping down four perpendicular heights of from fifty to eighty feet, with intermediate falls of less altitude, forms one of the most wonderful rapids in the world.

Standing at the foot of the last cataract and looking up the damp, dark cleft, down which, with a deafening roar, the water comes rolling and plunging, one sees the split streams and the spray contorted into wonderful shapes and scenes, shifted, with kaleidoscopic rapidity and effect, from giant forms writing in conflict to rainbow-tinted views of fairy-land. Looking up to the top of the almost perpendicular jaws of the cañon, only a few scrubby trees are seen clinging on the very verge of the rock, their roots bare and dry, seeming to clutch desperately at the jagged inequalities. The face of either wall is indented at intervals with miniature caverns and grottoes, while, in those places where small streams of water trickle down, the surface of the stone is polished to a glassy smoothness, showing, in a striking manner, the curiously-

stratified texture of the escarpment, each line of which presents an individual shade of color.

The real banks of the river cannot be reached at many points of the cañon on account of the height and perpendicularity of the walls thereof, they being in some places full five hundred feet above the torrent that thunders between their bases. Indeed, the general features of the Falls of Tallulah are strongly marked with "all that is wild, barren, and inaccessible." It is the very central, throbbing life-current of the line of upheaval, or rather of the chaotic net-work of mountain-spurs and ridges that, cutting the country in all directions, trends southwestward through the State. Looking down from one of the highest points of the western cliff, one has a fine view of a cataract which has a fall of thirty feet into a natural basin, around which are heaped giant fragments of stone brought down by the impetuous current. Among these fragments grow a few bushy trees, and the margin of the swirling pool is lined with a variety of aquatic weeds, over which the fine spray from the falling water is continually sifted in a cool shower of glittering drops.

In the latter part of April, 1859, I made the descent from the west side of the river by following the dry, rocky bed of a ravine setting into the cañon. It was an adventure spiced with no small prospect of broken limbs and bruises; for at some points I had to let myself down by taking hold of a flexible sapling and swinging over considerable cliffs, to the infinite amusement of a man whom I had hired as a guide, but who preferred to remain above and laugh at me instead of leading the way.

Once at the bottom of the tremendous gulch, you are repaid a hundred-fold for the danger and labor of the descent. Beneath you, above you, all around you, are forms of the wildest and most picturesque grandeur. One of the larger cataracts roars and splashes at your feet from a sheer leap of twenty or twenty-five yards, while at a little distance below you the river tears madly down a rough incline, tumbling, jumping, and whirling over and around great boulders, foaming here through a narrow split in the rocks, breaking there on a sharp promontory, and anon spreading into a thin sheet to pour over the brink of a shelf, or to keep filled to the brim one of those deep, blue pools. Overhead the ledges beetle with edges jagged and seamed, dripping with moisture and blotched with moss, and the bushes that hang over the verge are sharply outlined against the midsky. You stand in the cloven heart of the mountain, where rankles the silver shaft of Tallulah, and all this roar and moan tell the endless agony of the Titan.

I seated myself on the ground under the green canopy of some scrub-oaks and began taking notes (which pleasant habit I advise my readers to imitate), and soon became so absorbed that nothing short of the terrific crash that suddenly echoed above the thunder of the cataracts could have startled me. I sprang to my feet just in time to see a great fragment of stone come tearing down the ravine by which I had descended, and make its final plunge into the seething river.

"Look lively down there, feller!" faintly came the voice of my man from far above. He was amusing himself with rolling boulders over the precipice—sorry fun to me; and you may be sure I felt relieved when at length this reckless young mountaineer came down the cliff almost as precipitately as one of his missiles, and joined me, crying out as he halted:

"W'y, ye're 'live yit! Hopes I'd scrunched ye!"

By a deal of toilsome scrambling we made our way to a point several hundred feet farther down the gorge, whence I got a fair view of the deepest perpendicular cut, where, through a pinching cleft, the water darts with a velocity utterly frightful, and with a hollow roar unlike any sound I ever elsewhere heard. For many feet above the present water-line the faces of the stone are worn into grooves and ridges as if the torrent had gradually cut its way down by ages of unceasing friction. Wherever a land-slide has occurred, bringing down soil, trees are found growing thereon, and at such places I noticed some marvelously beautiful flower-beds, arranged by the hand of Nature, where a great variety of gay blooms were strikingly mingled, among which I particularly remarked the great blue violet common to that region.

At one place I was shown a pool where, it is said, a Rev. Mr. Hawthorn was drowned under very peculiar circumstances. Having visited the rapids in company with some friends, a number of whom were ladies, at the point of starting back to their stopping-place a bath in the pool was suggested. All of the gentlemen except Mr. Hawthorn went forward with the ladies, agreeing to return presently, leaving the reverend gentleman, who was considered a most excellent minister, sitting by the pool. He has never since been seen. His friends, on their return, found his clothes on a rock, but no amount of search discovered his body, or any further clew to his fate.

The tourist cannot fail to be richly repaid for his visit to Tallulah. Were the beautiful river and its sparkling cataracts entirely obliterated, there would still remain one of the grandest landscapes ever seen, and the awful chasm of the rapids would spread its yawning jaws, unrelieved by a single light or fanciful feature. The circumjacent country is sparsely inhabited by frugal, industrious people, most of whom are tillers of the soil on a small scale, and in a very primitive way. They are quite proud of their locality, and aver tire of telling the legends of Yonah, Toccoa, and Tallulah, some of which are delightfully unique. The Indians have a tradition touching the Falls of Tallulah quite as pretty as the "Undine" of German literature, and much like it.

From a high, bare mountain-peak near the falls one may have a grand view of some of the most prominent features of the wild chaos of hills, valleys, gorges, cliffs, and chasms, lying between the Tallulah and Chattooga Rivers. Far eastward huge purple cones—probably peaks of the great Blue Ridge—mingle their summits with the purple of the sky, while nearer the vast head of Mount Currahee, and the still huger and higher brow of old Yonah, rise boldly and overshadow

the landscape. Ten miles southeast, the two rivers above named flow together, and form the beautiful Tugaloo, not far from the cascade of Toccoa, where the creek of that name leaps down a perpendicular cliff of nearly one hundred and ninety feet in altitude. This cataract possesses little of the rugged grandeur of Tallulah, but many persons find it far more attractive.

Clarksville, the seat of justice in Habersham County, is the proper stopping-place of tourists and health-seekers, who desire to visit the many interesting places in the region that can boast Tallulah, Toccoa, the Soquee, Yonah, and many a cave and fountain and secluded pocket of almost enchanted loveliness. The town is a pretty place, nestled down among the green foot-hills near the south bank of the Soquee, and is as healthy as mountain air and complete natural drainage can make it. I know of no place possessing more attractions that may be so cheaply seen.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

ALICE.

SHE was a child upon whose face
I never looked except to bless it;
A subtle charm—a nameless grace—
Thus unexpressed, I best express it.

She moved in undistinguished ways,
Her hands employed in humble duty;
A prouder will had won more praise,
By loftier looks with lesser beauty.

In Time's unnoted lapse she grew
Out of the pretty charm of childhood,
And still no more the world she drew
Than some pale blossom of the wild-wood.

One day they whispered, as I came—
Where her young face had often won me—
With such a shuddering breath her name,
A thrall of anguish fell upon me.

I saw it, in her father's lips,
Pale from the rim of Death's cold oblique,
And gauged the gloom of love's eclipse—
By his sole, sobbing utterance—"Alice!"

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

MISCELLANY.

LIFE IN THE ICE KINGDOM.

WHALING, in its details one of the most repulsive of human industries, has associations incomparably fascinating to the imagination, apart from the terrible toil, the courage, the endurance, and the danger, involved in the pursuit. All these come into the picture, and underlie its charm, enhanced by the great distance, the parting from home and friends, the absolute silence, the complete isolation. No news comes to the homes of the whalers until they bring it, with ease and plenty, or the grim blank of failure; no passing ships hail the voyagers to the far North, to the region where man's dominion has never been acknowledged, where he is no more than a persevering invader, who snatches, with inconceivable toil and difficulty, a few swift victories, and then is steadily, inexorably beaten back by the floating forces of the Ice King. The giant barriers of the ice-realm are closed

against him, and the mysterious night of the arctic winter bids defiance to his puny daring. When the darkness comes down upon the polar world, does the strange calm that broods over the great wastes of water within the great wastes of ice which form the Spitzbergen Islands remain untroubled, or do the winds howl over the black waves until the ice-barriers shiver, and moan, and split themselves into frantic fragments, careering wildly under the rushing lash of the tempest, and anon closing up for long spells of their inexorable ward? The whole region, during the brief season for which man can look upon it and live, is one of enchantment and delight, but he leaves it with the lingering longing to learn the mysteries of its winter unfulfilled. No wonder that the good people of Hull watched with patient curiosity the lading of a schooner-yacht which sailed from Hull on the 11th May, 1872, with a small party of English gentlemen and an exclusively English crew, for it was bound for Spitzbergen, was to sail round the island, and was fitted with all the requirements for whaling and sealing. A large fishing fleet was sailing, but the schooner soon outailed them all, and as the fishermen hauled toward their fishing-banks, and she stood on her course alone, the talk on board her was of the hyperborean seas ahead, whose dread and danger the men knew and had dared; and of the great whales, whose capture is such fierce excitement and large profit. Many days' sail pass by before the "finners" appear, but at length the gentlemen see them, and their ill-concealed admiration seems uncalled for by the crew, to whom these wonderful creatures are very small deer, indeed, the mere outlying "wilde fowle" of the ice-realm, gliding on the surface of the calm, clear sea with a sudden, gentle motion, and heaving a loud "p-o-o" as they come by the ship, whence they are watched in strictest silence. The marvels of the northern seas come quickly; Van Mayen's Island lies in the ship's course, and, as they near it, the whole air is alive with white-winged armies of sea-birds, the high cliffs being tenanted by another host at rest; two rocks stand out from the land, exactly resembling swift-sailing ships, coming on with all sails set, and heeling over to the gale; and the icy peak of Beerenberg rises above the sea-level 6,870 feet. The beach had a history to tell full of warning, and yet of weird attraction, for here were bits of whale-boats reduced to match-wood by the frightful action of the boisterous seas; fragments of wrecks of ships that had fought bravely against the ice, but had been beaten; bits of masts of merchant-vessels; huge piles of driftwood, once stately trees on the side of some Siberian river, now stranded on the arctic coast, and the little tunnels with which the sea-worms had perforated it in every direction tenantless; for the wood-borers cannot live in the temperature of the awful arctic seas. The wild-duck and the white-fox have the island to themselves, and beyond it lies the true commencement of the west ice, the surge of the heavy sea breaking upon the outer edge of the huge floating masses, and the illimitable distance laden with heavy blocks, interspersed with flat snow. Surely here is the end of all things, and no ship can ever get beyond this beautiful barrier, this spray-sprinkled diadem on the brow of the awful Ice King, shining with almost unbearable lustre of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires; and the thundering sound of the disrupted masses which strew the sea is the warning of dismissal. They heed neither, but sail toward the densest part, through a fringe of broken ice in a heaving sea, forcing the schooner at all speed, and charging the most likely place for an entrance, as the surge rises and falls with awful fury. They get through, for they have men on board who are accus-

tomed to deal with ice, to hit it carefully, and turn it gently from its way; and the wonderful operation succeeds, the schooner stands out to sea in a broad channel, with ice-walls on either side, and the first terrific barrier lies between them and all life that is less than arctic.

At first it is a little difficult to grow accustomed to the absence of darkness, then the perpetual life becomes pleasant; but there must be always some confusion about time, especially when occupation is either severe toil or strong excitement, when danger is never absent for long, and every object is absolutely strange and novel. To drift off into the indistinguishable fog on an ice-layer, when in pursuit of a family of seals, wariest and most tantalizing of creatures, is only an incident, and then the sailors begin to recall dismal precedents. "You remember them 'ere chaps as was left in this here way, and was all froze to death?" says one to another. "As for that ship *Enterprise*, I assure you, sir," says a third, "we could speak to the men on the ice, but could not get at them! blowing a gale and freezing hard at the time! thermometer 40° below zero! We did all we could; the oars and foremasts were tied together to try and reach them by means of a raft, when they disappeared in the fog, lost to sight, though not to memory, and they all perished!" The whaling-boats are in requisition, and the shoals of seals multiply, as the schooner sails northward under the never-setting sun, amid a scene of silent desolation, and frequently muffled in dense fog; awfully insignificant, alien, and alone. Suddenly they are "beset with ice," and find themselves contemplating an aspect of Nature "such as the painter might imagine, or the poet, with his lying license, might invent, or the imagination of a sleeper could fancy in dreams of night." A great storm is blowing over the unfrozen sea far away, but the schooner, fastened to a bit of ice, whose two projecting tongues keep off the pressure of the outer ice, which has closed them up within two hundred yards, lies in deep calm. A boat is lowered, and the men sit in dead silence in it, watching for the narwhal, which are blowing near, and throwing up little jets of vapor from the blow-holes on either side of the head. The harpooner is ready, the tubs and the line are prepared; but the narwhal is difficult game; he goes at tremendous speed, and his range of vision is wide; so that when he is dragged on to the ice, with his spotted hide and his polished horn, he is a trophy of the first class. Great herds of this curious mammal travel through the arctic seas, tusk to tusk and tail to tail, like a regiment of cavalry, thousands strong, and their play in great ice-encircled water-wastes is wonderful to see, as their dappled sides curve close to the surface, and the tilting swords are thrust above the waves in their reckless lunges; or they suddenly skim along the surface, curve their backs, and plunge headlong down, following the vagaries of some chosen leader. When the crew of the schooner had killed their first narwhal, they made a vast fireplace out of his remains, the openings between the ribs serving the purpose of a grate, packed in wood and oakum, and set fire to the materials, in order that the odorous fumes might attract any bears that might be in the neighborhood. But neither narwhal nor bear causes such excitement as the real "right-whale," the tremendous giant of the seas, with the likeness of a man's head and face in the roof of his mouth; whose coming is waited for in speechless expectation, whose capture is the hardest work that men can do, whose value repays, for all the labor and all the risk, even men who have no eyes for the beauty and no sense of the sublimity of the scene. They are sailing on a silver sea, in the wonderful arctic sunlight, which is unlike light

in any other region; in the still, intoxicating air, which fills their veins with life and thrills them with a strange happiness; past iridescent caves rising out of the pure water—they can see far back into them, where the upper edges are festooned with a dazzling ornament like a net-work of lace composed of fine gems, the fringe gleams in the prismatic light with every motion of the waves, and the fairy-halls are filled with awful sound. What marvelous, constant beauty and life where man is only a brief accident! Prowling in the distance are two polar bears, which the crew kill, and whose stomachs are found to be quite empty. A few days more and a herd of walrus is reported (some of the individuals which compose it look, in the drawing of them, like very fat elderly men lying on their stomachs placidly and happily drunk); so, with terrible interludes of danger, when the schooner was driven helplessly into the floes, and with constant endurance of extreme fatigue, they came to Spitzbergen, and found magnificent reindeer, the noblest of the arctic creatures. These are extremely difficult to stalk through the ice ravines and snow valleys: for, though they have no knowledge of man and his murderous propensities, their keen scent warns them that something strange is near. And they love each other, poor faithful beasts! with a love stronger than fear or the instinct of self-preservation. "Mr. Leigh Smith, sailing in Benlopen Straits, in 1871, shot a large stag, but could not get near its companion; as they were a long way from the ship, he had the head and horns removed, and brought along with him to his schooner. They saw the survivor go to the headless remains, and then follow the party to the ship. As it lingered on the shore, a man quietly landed from the boat and shot it." Over the grand beauty of the still transparent water of Kings' Bay; the enormous mountains, every foot of their frontage occupied by a sea-bird, until numbers fail to give any notion of their myriads; and the great glacier which occupies the upper part of the harbor, and fills the mind with awe—the marvelous arctic light is shining, and glorifies all that it illuminates. But where the grandeur and the beauty are greatest, there the solitude is most appalling, and nowhere on the earth does man feel his weakness and insignificance so much as here, amid the awful desolation. Once the schooner's voyagers saw the rare snow-goose of Spitzbergen. They had ascended a ledge of rocks, eight hundred feet above the sea-level; slowly they made their ascent to the steep brow of the crags, and found themselves near the edge of a deep-blue lake, the surface of which was as smooth as a mirror. On it were reposing a number of large geese, pure white, resting undisturbed in the awful solitude. At sight of the intruders they rose and flew toward them, making for the open sea. Very soon after this, the schooner had to begin her homeward voyage; symptoms of the arctic winter which proud man must not dare to brave, which hunts him out of the ice kingdom as mercilessly as he hunts its furred and feathered creatures, had set in. So the ship headed homeward, and one day late in September she sailed up the Humber, with a garland hanging from the mast-head, in true whaler fashion.—*Spectator*.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

What would it have been in England had Shakespeare and Milton, instead of being the growth of two different ages, stood side by side, working together, creating consciously, and of set purpose, that literature which they enriched so nobly, one of them, at least, with probably little thought enough of the vast thing he was doing! We are all fond of comparing and contrasting these two princes of

English song, notwithstanding the difference of their time and character; but what endless opportunities should we not have found for this contrast had they existed in one sphere! The difference is so great, however, that we cannot make any just parallel. Milton could no more have been produced in all his intensity and learned austere splendor in the broader and richer Shakespearian age, than Shakespeare, all-embracing, all tolerant, all-comprehending, could have preserved that godlike breadth and fullness in the stern struggles of the Commonwealth. The comparison between them cannot be complete. But Goethe and Schiller were born and lived under the same influences, were moulded by the same events, drew breath in the same atmosphere. And they were what it is possible our Shakespeare was not, though of late ages we have been taught to believe it essential to poetry—they were conscious poets, worshipping in themselves the divine faculty which they recognized, and feeling its importance with a distinctness which was beyond all shadow of a doubt. The association of two such men gives an additional interest and attraction to each. It is a union which has been commented upon at unmeasured length and by many critics, moved by that curious and overweening enthusiasm for German literature which has affected with a kind of literary frenzy so many original and thoughtful minds. We do not pretend to approach the subject with the adoring reverence which has been so common, and from which it is so difficult to escape, when any attempt is made to consider the two great poets of modern Germany; but we do not claim any exception from the special spell of their remarkable position, a position as notable in the world as that of any reformer, statesman, or patriot, who has given new form and development to the life of his country.

Of the two, Goethe was so much the more remarkable that he can be considered and treated of alone; but of Schiller we can scarcely speak without bringing in the name of his greater, more splendid, and less lovable coadjutor. Their friendship was creditable and profitable to both, though we confess we are a little weary of hearing it pointed out as an exception to the ordinary relations between men of letters, which, the world persists in believing, are constantly interrupted by jealousies and emulations. This persistent theory maintains itself bravely, as most theories do, in the very face of fact—by which it might have been proved a thousand times that, whatsoever may be the jealousies of art, writers and painters invariably find their closest companions in their own craft, and are nowhere so happy or so much at home, all friendly tiffs notwithstanding, as among their brethren of the brush, or the pen, who alone fully realize their difficulties and understand their efforts. Where is the writer, living or dead, who has not been consoled and stimulated by the generous appreciation of rivals, even when less successful than himself, even when somewhat soured by personal disappointment? The great, except in the most singular cases, are always ready to applaud an honest effort; but even among the small there is a wonderful amount of generosity and appreciation of excellence, a generosity for which they seldom get much credit, but of which all real brethren of the arts are fully aware. Patrons are good (perhaps) when they are to be had—and the personal friends who love us because we are ourselves, famous or unfamous, are best of all earthly blessings; but for companions, for the understanding which alone makes one man's sympathy living and potent to another, for comprehension of what we have arrived at, whether successfully or not, commend us to our fellows, those others of our trade with whom, according to the proverb, we never agree. Possibly not,

at all times and in all circumstances; but, even where there is not agreement, there is understanding, which is next best.

The association, however, of these two great German minds does some injustice to the lesser greatness. We instinctively begin our estimate of Schiller by the confession that he has produced no "Faust"—a confession which is perfectly true, but highly unnecessary in respect to any other poet. Neither has Goethe, we might add, produced a "Wallenstein;" but "Faust" so far transcends all embodiments of human sentiment which are less than sovereign and supreme, that the poet's fame has become one with that of his creation, and we do not ask what else he has done besides this crowning effort. That wild, mystic impersonation of natural genius, speculation, superstition, all that is great and little in the German soul, stands alone in the world. The supreme imagination which thus welded a mass of incongruous and fantastic popular fancies into one being, has undeniably something in it beyond the range of the noble and gentle thinker who attempts no such mystical flight. Schiller has nothing in him of the demi-god; he stands firm upon mortal soil, where the motives, and wishes, and aspirations of common humanity have their full power. Even the visionary part of him is all human, Christian, natural; and, when he touches upon the borders of the supernatural, as in those miraculous circumstances which surround his "Maid of Orleans," it is still pure humanity, and no fantastic archdemoniac inspiration, which moves him. He is infinitely more of a man, and—paradoxical as the words may appear—infinitely less of a German, than his greater rival. The standing-point from which Goethe contemplates the world is that of a separate being, able, upon his detached point of vision, to see as it were all round the human figure which he contemplates, to behold it in relief, with a full sense of the perpetual complication of manner with higher impulses, and the confused mixture of petty external circumstances with the wild and violent movements of unrestrained will and passion. The man who sees thus from an intellectual eminence should, it might be said, see better and more clearly than the observer on the common level. But yet it is not so; for the very gain in point of perspective has a confusing effect upon the landscape. The lines are altered by the apparently impartial distance from which he views them. There is something wanting to the human aspect of the work—a something which is made up by the keener sense of local color, the sharper perception of all differences in atmosphere, the currents of air, the clouds and shadows, which give special character to the scene. Thus the fantastic wildness of the German imagination—the aspect, half picturesque, half grotesque, of its special temper and tendencies—works into the picture with double force from the Goethe altitude, thus making the more abstract poet at the same time the more national. We feel the apparent fallacy involved in these words: they are a paradox; yet they are true so far as our perception goes.

But Schiller stands upon no smiling grand elevation of superiority; he stands among the men and women whom he pictures, sympathizing with them, sometimes wondering at them, sometimes regarding them with that beautiful enthusiasm of the maker for the thing created, by which the poet abdicates his own sovereignty, and represents himself to himself as the mere portrait-painter of something God—not he—has made. How faithfully, how nobly, without one thought of self-reflection, he follows the lines of his hero's noble but faulty figure, not sparing Wallenstein—putting his strength as well as his weakness on the canvas, yet showing over the heroic magnitude of both! With

what a swell of high and generous emotion he holds his Shepherd-maiden spotless through the stormy scenes of her brief drama! His own individuality has nothing to do with these noble pictures. He puts himself aside altogether from the stage, from the canvas, and throws his whole magnanimous force into the being whom it is his business to present to the world. "Wallenstein" is no more equal to "Hamlet" than it is to "Faust;" but, in this particular at least, the art of Schiller is more Shakespearian than that of Goethe. There is much in it of the high, unconscious humility, the simple putting aside of all personality, which distinguishes our greatest poet. Instinctively we find in Werter, in Meister, even in Faust, the poet himself, who lurks within the figures he has made; but we no more look for Schiller in his "Wallenstein," in Max, or Carlos, or Tell, than we look for Shakespeare under the robes of Prospero, or in Hamlet's inky suit. Schiller paints humankind without reference to himself, as Shakespeare did, throwing himself into characters different from his own, in which he can imagine a fashion of being perhaps greater than his own; whereas Goethe paints always a certain reflection of himself preëminent, and humankind only in relation to and contrast with that self, somewhat discredited and insignificant in the comparison. Such a difference is one of kind and not of degree, and may be traced through many lesser grades of power—one of those great distinctions between genius and genius which we must call moral rather than intellectual. We might say that the same distinction could be drawn between Milton and Shakespeare, were it not that this double contrast would land us in confusion inextricable.—*Blackwood.*

THE "GOOD GENIE" OF FICTION.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

There was once a good Genie, with a bright eye and a magic hand, who, being born out of his due time and place, and falling not upon fairy ways, but into the very heart of this great city of London, wherein we write, walked on the solid earth in the nineteenth century in a most spirit-like and delightful dream. He was such a quaint fellow, with so delicious a twist in his vision, that where you and I (and the wise critics) see straight as an arrow, he saw every thing queer and crooked; but this, you must know, was a terrible defect in the good Genie—a tremendous weakness, for how can you expect a person to behold things as they are, whose eyes are so wrong in his head that they won't even make out a straight mathematical line?

To the good Genie's gaze every thing in this rush of life grew queer and confused. The streets were droll, and the twisted windows winked at each other. The river had a voice, crying, "Come down! come down!" and the wind and rain became absolute human entities, with ways of conducting themselves strange beyond expression. Where you see a clock, he saw a face and heard the beating of a heart. The very pump at Aldgate became humanized, and held out its handle like a hand for the good Genie to shake. Amphion was nothing to him. To make the gouty oaks dance hornpipes, and the whole forest go country-dancing, was indeed something, but how much greater was the feat of animating stone houses, great dirty rivers, toppling chimneys, staring shop-windows, and the laundress's wheezy mangle! Pronounce as we may on the wisdom of the Genie's conduct, no one doubts that the world was different before he came; the same world, doubtless, but a duller, more expressionless world; and perhaps, on the whole, the people in it—especially the poor, struggling people—wanted one great happiness

which a wise and tender Providence meant to send.

The Genie came and looked, and, after looking for a long time, began to speak and print; and so magical was his voice, that a crowd gathered round him, and listened breathlessly to every word; and so potent was the charm, that gradually all the crowd began to see every thing as the charmer did (in other words, as the wise critics say, to *squint* in the same manner), and to smile in the same odd, delighted, bewildered fashion. Never did pale faces brighten more wonderfully! never did eyes that had seen stranger so very long, and so very, very sadly, brighten up so amazingly at discovering that, absolutely, every thing was crooked! It was a quaint world, after all, quaint in both laughter and tears, odd over the cradle, comic over the grave, rainbowed by laughter and sorrow in one glorious iris, melting into a thousand beautiful hues. "My name," said the good Genie, "is Charles Dickens, and I have come to make you all—but especially the poor and lowly—brighter and happier." Then, smiling merrily, he waved his hands, and one by one, along the twisted streets, among the grinning windows and the human pumps, quaint figures began to walk, while a low voice told stories of human fairy-land, with its ghosts, its ogres, its elves, its good and bad spirits, its fun and frolic, oft culminating in veritable harlequinade, and its dim, dew-like glimmerings of pathos. There was no need any longer for grown-up children to sigh and wish for the dear old stories of the nursery. What was Puss in Boots to Mr. Pickwick in his gaiters? What was Tom Thumb, with all his oddities, to poor Tom Pinch playing on his organ all alone up in the loft? A new and sweeter Cinderella arose in Little Nell; a brighter and dearer Little Jack Horner eating his Christmas pie was found when Oliver Twist appeared and "asked for more."

It was certainly enchanting the earth with a vengeance, when all life became thus marvelously transformed. In the first place, the world was divided, just as old fairy-land had been divided, into good and bad fairies, into beautiful elves and awful ogres, and everybody was either very loving or very spiteful. There were no composite creatures, such as many of our human tale-tellers like to describe. Then there was generally a sort of Good Little Boy who played the part of hero, and who ultimately got married to a Good Little Girl, who played the part of heroine.

In the course of their wanderings through human fairy-land, the hero and heroine met all sorts of strange characters—queer-looking fairies, like the brothers Cherryble, or Mr. Toots, or David Copperfield's aunt, or Mr. Dick, or the convict Magwitch; out-and-out ogres, ready to devour the innocent, and without a grain of goodness in them, like Mr. Quilp, Jonas Chuzzlewit, Fagin the Jew, Carker, with his white teeth, Rogue Riderhood, and Lawyer Tulkinghorn; comical will-o'-the-wisps, or moral impostors, flabby of limb and sleek of visage, called by such names as Stiggins, Chadband, Snawley, Pecksniff, Bounderby, and Uriah Heep. Strange people, forsooth, in a strange country. Wise critics said that the country was not the world at all, but simply Topsy-turvyland; and, indeed, there might have seemed some little doubt about the matter, if every now and again, in the world we are speaking of, there had not appeared a group of poor people with such real laughter and tears that their humanity was indisputable. Scarcely had we lost sight for a moment of the demon Quilp, when whom should we meet but Codlin and Short sitting mending their wooden figures in the church-yard? and not many miles off was Mrs. Jarley, every scrap on whose bones was real

human flesh; the Peggotty group living in their upturned boat on the sea-shore, while little Em'ly watches the incoming tide erasing her tiny footprint on the sand; the Dorrit family, surrounding the sadly comic figure of the Father of the Marshalsea; good Mrs. Richards, and her husband the stoker, struggling through thorny paths of adversity with never a grumble; Trotty Veck sniffing the delicious fumes of the tripe a good fairy is bringing to him; and Tiny Tim waving his spoon, and crying, "God bless us all!" in the midst of the smiling Cratchit family on Christmas-day.

This was more puzzling still—to find "real life" and "fairy life" blended together most fantastically. It was like that delightful tale of George MacDonald's, where you never can tell truth from fancy, and where you see the country in fairy-land is just like the real country, with cottages (and cooking going on inside), and roads, and flower-gardens, and finger-posts, yet every thing haunted most mysteriously by supernatural creatures. But let the country described by the good Genie be ever so like the earth, and the poor folk moving in it ever so like life, there was never any end to the enchantment. On the slightest provocation trees and shrubs would talk and dance, intoxicated public-houses hicough, clocks talk in measured tones, tombstones chatter their teeth, lamp-posts reel idiotically, all inanimate Nature assume animate qualities. The better the real people were, and the poorer, the more they were haunted by delightful Fays. The Cricket talked on the hearth, and the Kettle sang in human words. The plates on the dresser grinned and gleamed when the Pudding rolled out of its smoking cloth, saying perspiringly, "Here we are again!" Talk about Furniture and Food being soulless things! The good Genie knew better. Whenever he went into a mean and niggardly house, he saw the poor devils of chairs and tables attenuated and wretched, the lean timepiece, with its heart thumping through its wretched ribs, the fireplace shivering with a red nose, and the chimney-glass grim and gaunt. Whenever he entered the house of a good person, with a loving, generous heart, he saw the difference—jolly fat chairs, if only of common wood, tables as warm as a toast, and mirrors that gave him a wink of good-humored greeting. It was all enchantment, due, perhaps, in a great measure, to the strange twist in the vision with which the good Genie was born.

Thus far, perhaps, in a sort of semi-transparent allegory, have we indicated the truth as regards the wonderful genius who has so lately left us. Mighty as was the charm of Dickens, there have been from the beginning a certain select few who have never felt it. Again and again has the great Genie been approached by some dapper dilettante of the superfine sort, and been informed that his manner was wrong altogether, not being by any means the manner of Aristophanes, or Swift, or Sterne, or Fielding, or Smollett, or Scott. This man has called him, with some contempt, a "caricaturist." That man has described his method of portrayal as "sentimental." MacStingo prefers the humor of Galt. The gelid, heart-searching critic prefers Miss Austen. Even young ladies have been known to take refuge in Thackeray. All this time, perhaps, the real truth as regards Charles Dickens has been missed or perverted. He was not a satirist, in the sense that Aristophanes was a satirist. He was not a comic analyst, like Sterne; nor an intellectual force, like Swift; nor a sharp, police-magistrate sort of humorist, like Fielding; nor a practical-joke-playing tomboy, like Smollett. He was none of these things. Quite as little was he a dashing romancer or fanciful historian, like Walter Scott. Scott

found the Past ready made to his hand, fascinating and fair. Dickens simply enchanted the Present. He was the creator of Human Fairy-land. He was a magician, to be bound by none of your commonplace laws and regular notions: as well try to put Incubus in a glass case, and make Robin Goodfellow the monkey of a street hurdy-gurdy. He came to put Jane Austen and M. Balzac to rout, and to turn London into Queer Country.—*From "Master Spirits," by Robert Buchanan.*

VICTOR HUGO AND EDMOND ABOUT.

The last time I saw Victor Hugo was a few days after he had finished his "Man Who Laughs." He was then at Brussels, and, although we did not agree in politics then—for he was anti-Napoleonist to the death, and I was a Napoleonist on condition of Napoleon reigning liberally—he received me with the utmost kindness.

"Ah, my dear colleague," he said to me, in a tone of extreme kindness, "all you have written I have read. You have shown up Rome magnificently; but still you have not done what you ought to have done."

"Ah, my master," I said, "and what ought I to have done?"

"Voyez," said Victor Hugo to me, "what are you but a Frenchman? Your talent is immense, but it belongs to your country. Let alone, then, effete Rome. Speak of what you need in France."

It was my turn to speak. "Monsieur Hugo," I said, "you judge too harshly. What if I did speak out about French matters as I ought? The government would seize my book. No one would read it, and where should I be?"

The answer was crushing.

"For forty years," said the great poet and romancer, "I have struggled with the same difficulty. But," he added, with a smile, which I might call divine, "have I not come out ahead? Ah, my friend, when I wrote 'Napoleon the Little' they called me a crazy 'Red'; when I wrote my last 'Lyriques' they said they were the emanations of the embittered spirit of a soured old man. But, when I wrote 'Les Misérables,' ah, the whole of the vile pack of hounds that had pursued me from Brussels to Jersey, and from Jersey to Guernsey, bowed submissively, and said I still was Victor Hugo. What did I write then?—'William Shakespeare!' Imagine, my friend—they said it was tedious! Did you read it?"

"I did, my great master."

"You read it? Would you have written it otherwise?"

"Oh, don't ask me," I replied; "Shakespeare's genius frightens me."

"It delighted me," said M. Hugo, "when I was a boy. It was my delight when I was a youth. My mother then taught me to hate Napoleon. I thought Napoleon was the Shakespeare of politics, and I admired him." Honestly, that made me laugh.

"Why," I said, good-naturedly, "not be reconciled to his nephew?"

The question was indiscreet. The answer made me regret it soon enough.

"Monsieur About," said Victor Hugo, with indescribable dignity, "that is a question unworthy of you. . . . Ah, you young men of the France of to-day," he added, with an air of indescribable sadness, "had you known our poor country as I have known it almost since that time when the great Cæsar overshadowed it with his unapproachable shadow, would you bend your knee to his wretched counterfeit?"

I was silent. I knew not what to reply.

M. Hugo continued, thoughtfully:

"The duty of all of us is to write the his-

tory of France since 1789 as it was. Who has done so? No one. I am now engaged in writing up 'La Terreur.'"

"Quatre-vingt-treize!" I asked.

"A la bonne heure!" he exclaimed, taking my hand, "Quatre-vingt-treize, that shall be the title of my book."

I left the great man shortly afterward. If he wrote 1793, should I dare to write 1794? An appalling idea! The Parisians have hissed some of my plays. I do not want them to hiss my book, even though Victor Hugo should be its godfather.—*Edmond About, in the Paris XIX Siècle, August 2, 1873.*

PEARLS.

The story of the dissolution of Cleopatra's pearl in vinegar has been told for nineteen centuries; and since modern chemistry can easily manufacture an acid or "vinegar" capable of dissolving the pearl; and since history is very positive about the disposition of the mate to the one drunk by the Egyptian queen, we may as well accept the story as true. This mate, it seems, "fell into the hands of Agrippa, the favorite of Augustus, who divided it into two equal parts," and with them adorned the ears of the statue of Venus, in the Pantheon; and, even thus divided, it was the marvel of Rome. In modern times we have had an exhibition of ostentatious swagger quite equal in bad taste to the act of Cleopatra. This was the grinding to powder and drinking of a pearl worth fifteen thousand pounds by Sir Thomas Gresham, in order to awe the Spanish ambassador with the wealth and devotion of Queen Elizabeth's subjects.

Pearls are among the most delicate and unsatisfactory of gems. Even the acids and other materials of the perspiration in certain persons will change them and greatly decrease their brilliancy. Formerly they used to be cleaned by making pigeons swallow them, but it was found by Redi that, after twenty-four hours of such treatment, they lost one-third of their weight. Mme. de Barera, in her "Gems and Jewels," says that the discoloration of pearls may be prevented by keeping them in magnesia-powder, and the experiment is worth trying. The cause of the lovely iridescence of the pearl was among the ancients attributed to the deity that dwelt within it; but it is now known that the nature of the pearl's substance has nothing whatever to do with its color. If we take a wax-cast of any pearl, we find the same sheen appearing on the wax; for it is due entirely to the shape of the surface which, being very finely corrugated, causes the rays of reflected light to "interfere." Glass, ruled or scratched with very fine lines, will produce the same effect.

To this day we are ignorant of the cause of the formation of pearls, though they are of the same substance and secreted by the same organs as the nacre, or mother-of-pearl, which lines the interior surface of many shells. It is generally believed that the pearl deposit is formed around some foreign irritating substance for a nucleus, as a grain of sand; but, then, many pearls are without this foreign nucleus, and the practice of introducing pearl-provoking nuclei into the mollusk's shell does not seem to be attended with very certain or satisfactory results. This has, however, been measurably successful in certain cases. In the fine Chinese museum in the Louvre, there were exhibited some time ago a collection of tiny Chinese gods all incrustated with pearl. The reflection was irresistible that the pearl-oyster must be very complaisant to adorn these fat, unsightly monsters with so regal a dress.—*M. Howland.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"WE are governed too much" has not been a frequent complaint with Americans—certainly not frequent enough to furnish a successful war-cry to any school of political economists—yet there is good reason for thinking that the dictum is true of us nevertheless; and of late its truth has come to be more clearly recognized—to the ultimate encouragement, as we earnestly hope, of better and sounder opinions on the whole subject of a government's proper functions and appropriate work.

We have learned, in the last few years, some useful (if disagreeable) lessons. It is enough to allude to the experience financiers have gained through invoking government interference in matters which ordinary laws of finance and trade should have regulated; or to the lesson the whole people is learning now—too late—concerning the evils of special legislation; but these are matters with which we have not at this moment to do. We do not wish to speak of those evils which result when a government interferes positively and in downright fashion with the natural course of things; but of those perhaps equally great injuries that are likely to be brought about under a much more specious pretext—when those numberless mistaken people for whom the idea of "national" schemes possesses an untold and incomprehensible attraction, endeavor, under the guise of conferring a public benefit, to induce their countrymen to give over to the government—that it may be done feebly, indifferently, or disgracefully—that which the people for themselves are doing skillfully and well; and all this for no other reason, if their motives were carefully analyzed, than because they connect some vague and wonderful powers with the imposing word "national," or have hidden in their minds some mazy relics of that most obsolete of all theories—the theory of a "paternal government."

The cases where the mystic agency of this vague idea has induced Americans, whose government should be properly their faithful servant instead of a "paternal power," to devote twice as much money to failing as it would have cost them, in more sensible fashion, to succeed, have not been unknown in the past, though we are glad to think there have been commendably few of them. But at the present moment there is before the people a plan for such a useless, and, to us, obviously injurious diversion of force in this way, that its adoption would almost offset all the creditable prudence of the past.

Though it may be now so late in the discussion that there are no noteworthy arguments to add to those that have come from some of the ablest writers in the country, we nevertheless desire to place on record our earnest protest against the National University scheme.

It would seem that it hardly needed the masterly argument of Mr. Eliot to show the folly of the plan. Here is an institution, having for its purpose higher education, about to be placed in the hands of a body of men selected in such a way that they would have the least possible motive to use the power and money intrusted to them rightly, while they would have the strongest temptation and the easiest opportunity to use such power and money wrongly. The government would supply the subsidy; the government would claim that as it willed, and not as the majority of the wise educators of the country willed, the subsidy should be expended—and not the best part of the government either, but a government composed of what must be political favorites—the appointees of appointees, and of appointees whose offices were obtained by means purely political. A regency, with a member (politically appointed) from each State—a president and faculty directly subject to and dependent upon the President and Senate of the United States, and themselves controlling all the inferior appointments—how patent is the adaptability of this whole machinery to petty political purposes, to partisan ends from which only a high disinterestedness (on which we have no right to rely) could rescue it! What would soon be the picture of our great "national" institution for the diffusion (at government cost) of the highest education? A nest for men who had served their party better than the truth, their administration better than the law; better capable of teaching petty intrigue than philosophy, the narrowness of the time-server than the breadth of view and disinterestedness of the scholar; a collection of charlatans and falsely-popular declaimers, instead of scientists; a subsidized corps of unscrupulous writers; a few puny political economists, fearing for their heads if they did not teach the theories of the powers over them.

It is hard to treat the scheme, as it has been proposed thus far, at least, with the earnest and careful expostulation used by Mr. Eliot; but, at the same time, it has been shown that such expostulation is truly needed—over so large a multitude does the sonorous word "national" hold sway. That the words of the president of Harvard have found such hearty support, is something to be thoroughly thankful for; and it is possible that, as the *Nation* seems to hope, they have killed the plan. Yet the delusion in which the whole project had its rise has not fallen with it, and there remains much to be said and written by the best men and the best journals of the country, before the false ideas prevalent concerning government duties and functions are entirely rooted out.

While we shall use our best endeavors against all similar schemes, it seems to us not unfortunate that this one, since it was to be, should have attracted so much notice, and have been dragged so conspicuously into the

full light of day. That same eternal vigilance which is the price of liberty is the price, too, of a successful political economy; and any thing which aids in the demolition of a false theory may call attention to more than one equal error hidden in other forms. The best educators of the people have not finished the question of government duties in these matters, even when they have successfully overthrown a scheme like this.*

— It is an aphorism of one of Bulwer's last creations—of that truly great philosopher, Mr. Chillingly Mivers—"If you want to keep young, live in a metropolis. Never stay above a few weeks at a time in the country."

There are various kinds of youth which it is important to preserve; and Mr. Chillingly Mivers meant the physical kind, or rather, perhaps, that kind which is partly physical, partly æsthetic—which consists rather in the seeming than in the being young. If he had meant to speak of mental youth, or the vigor of mental youth, his aphorism would—to our mind, at least—have been even more profoundly wise than it is with its present purpose.

There is no power so great in renewing men's thoughts, so strong in keeping men's minds keenly alive and working, so potent to prevent lagging and stagnation, as the perpetual renewal of force, the never-tiring action of a great city. There is no other martial music made for our modern form of warfare, that stimulates, and excites, and drives into doing, like the unceasing roar and rush of Broadway. There is neither time nor place, in this swarming town of ours, for a man to grow dull, purposeless, inert; to brood over the obsolete, to lose quickness of observation, to fall into what Mr. John Fiske calls that "rigidity of mind" which prevents our changing or receiving opinions; and what is growing old, if it be not doing all these things?

The mind of the late Mr. Greeley was much troubled by what he deemed the danger of men's thronging to the great centres of population, stripping the country of producers, and filling the town with ill-trained or untrained hands and heads. The fear has always seemed to us groundless, for this is a matter that, in its larger aspects, will always be regulated, like so much else, by the inexorable laws of supply and demand. But there is another way of looking at it besides that of the economist; and, since we have the consoling assurance of Mr. Buckle that the distribution will arrange itself properly in spite of all interference, we may, with a good conscience, resign ourselves to our preferences, and look at it for the moment from the point of view of the individual, and not of the philosopher.

* The whole of Mr. Eliot's excellent paper on this subject is published in *THE POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY* for October. We earnestly commend it to our readers.

For ourselves, then, since we are intensely human, we agree with Mr. Chillingly Mivers, and we are willing to go even further than he. We hold that all intellectual laborers—with but very few exceptions—should live in cities, or, if not in them, so near that they can pass almost immediately into their atmosphere. "The full tide of human existence," as it flowed past good old Dr. Johnson at his favorite stand in the heart of London, may not be the best study for the mere dreamer, but it is for the man who is something more. Close to the very thunder of the town is the place for a man who works with his brain—the place to collect and study, even though he choose some region of greater physical quiet for the mere labor of literary elaboration.

We are not forgetful of the names that will be brought up against us. They are chiefly those of poets. But look even at the kings among these; does not that little of Shakespeare's story that we know show him to have been more among towns and men than with ploughed fields and country lanes? Master of both sides of life, he yet lived among the cities. And the older singer yet—who will forget the brain that worked—

"While, nigh the thronged wharf, Geoffrey Chaucer's pen
Moved over bills of lading?"

Did not Spenser, in the "Prothalamion," tell us of

"Merry London, my most kindly nurse?"

Milton lived in London, and wrote there; Pope worked within the atmosphere, if not the actual limits of the metropolis. Goldsmith produced his best poems there. Continue the list, and there are few enough exceptions; continue it down to to-day, and what is William Morris, the latest of the really great poets, but a London upholsterer, dreaming dreams in the midst of the London smoke?

Grant us the poets, and you grant us all. About other forms of intellectual production, who will question? In the very stir and rattle of the great wheels of progress a man's brain moves with the beat of the living movement about him; is quickened, renewed, driven, if need be. In the very centre of the fight is the place where thought must needs be sharpest and truest, observation most unerring and ready.

Vitality grows stronger with this constant exercise; it is an error to believe men are worn out by it. It is not the cause of men's worries; they make them themselves; they lag behind—what wonder that they should be driven hard by the action about them to atone for this? But it is not the fault of the perpetual activity of the town—that is always fresh, always stimulating to him who looks at it healthily, always at its work of suggesting, and piling up new food for thought; always—and this is the greatest power of all—drawing a man out of himself, and toward his fellows.

So it is that Mr. Chillingly Mivers is right; to the intellectual worker, the city is the giver of force, the great preserver of the best kind of youth.

It is hardly possible for any one, who was accustomed to the Paris of ten years ago, not to have more than once seen the strange old man whose recent death at Geneva was heralded all over Europe, and across the Atlantic to the United States. The "old Duke of Brunswick," as he was called, was at once one of the most familiar figures and one of the most mysterious characters in the Paris of that day. As his tall, gaunt, haughty form stalked by, with the erect head, lowering brow, strong outline of feature, and bearded chin, which, once seen, could never be forgotten, people whispered that that was the duke, whose diamonds were worth five-and-twenty million francs; whose bedroom was a perfect armory of pistols, bludgeons, rapiers, and rifles; whose valet took him to pieces every night, and put him together again each morning; whose meals were brought to him from a restaurant, with each dish securely locked in a plate-case, lest he should be poisoned; whom nobody knew well, but whom everybody suspected of being unutterably and inveterately bad; who, having once reigned in his ancient Brunswick duchy, was howled out of it by an infuriated mob years and years ago, leaving the throne to a brother, whom he had not ceased to hate and traduce ever since.

Of all "monarchs out of business," Charles August, Duke of Brunswick, was certainly the most insoluble enigma. Not even eccentric old Louis of Bavaria, who threw away a crown as lightly as he would a sucked orange, and wandered about Europe chatting and buying pictures, and seeking street adventures, was such a puzzle as the Brunswicker, who shunned society as if it were a plague, and yet devoted his immense wealth to the collection of the jewel which society craves above all other ornaments. One would not think, too, that a man who so evidently hated men, and so superciliously displayed his contempt for public opinion, would bestow hours upon the artificial renewal of his youth; yet discharged valets used to gossip about the paint, and the wigs, and the enamel, and the pads, and the stuffings, the high-heeled boots and the elaborately-constructed braces, which converted the little pinched and haggard occupant of the ducal bed, into the tall, stately, and gloomy personage of forty, who with stalwart step stalked about in the corridors of the Paris theatres, or was seen slowly riding alone in the Bois. Society looked on the lonely prince as a kind of mortal Apollyon, as a sphinx who was sphinx-like to cover a darkly evil life; as one who was without friends, and who bought a luxurious though solitary existence with vast wealth. In London he was the subject of countless legends, and lived in a great, gloomy house at the North End, and inspired a sort of dread wherever he appeared. He amused himself with the theatre, an occasional trip in a balloon, and the writing of virulent pamphlets against his brother Au-

gust Louis, the reigning duke; is believed to have aided Louis Napoleon's plot to restore the empire, but sedulously shunned Napoleon III. when he was fairly ensconced in the Tuileries. He got into strange difficulties with the French police, and once brought a libel-suit in an English court, in which he appeared as his own counsel. We never once hear of him excepting as in a quarrel with somebody or other; when he comes out of his obscurity, it is to show his teeth. There was a prevailing notion that he had some time done something horrible; but no two gossippers agreed what it was. Men, almost as dark and strange as himself, were said to be seen going in and out of his house after nightfall; but no result that a curious public could discover ever came of these secret conclaves.

Yet the few who knew him well in his younger days, when he reigned in Brunswick, the successor of a soldierly father, whose valor at Quatre-Bras cost him his life and Germany one of her ablest generals, said that his talents were far above the average plane, and that he promised to make one of the best rulers in Europe. But Charles of Brunswick, whatever his faults or hidden crimes, never betrayed ambition, except in superficial things. He apparently never once regretted the loss of his crown, but he guarded his diamonds as a miser his gold. He took no part in the politics of Europe, but loved green-rooms, and painted and padded as if longing for conquests which, otherwise, he never seemed to try to gain. Although his life was a sombre and must have been any thing but a pleasant one, he protected it by the most ridiculous precautions. He so arranged his arms that, as he lay in bed, he might grasp a pistol or poniard in whatever direction the waking impulse stretched his hands; and he existed in a perpetual fear of being poisoned. At last, wearied by great capitals, perhaps because of their imagined dangers, he retired to the obscurity of Switzerland, to die there, old, friendless, and alone, unmourned by family or friends, and with no better chosen heir to his vast fortune than the stranger canton of Geneva, which had given him a refuge and repose. The reigning Duke of Brunswick, August Louis, is now the last remaining representative of the ancient line of the Brunswick Guelphs, which, in its various branches, has given emperors to Germany and kings to Great Britain. He is descended from Henry the Lion, and Henry the Proud, and Otho the Child, heroes of a far-off time; but, on his death, this antique little duchy is destined to fall into the hands of some collateral house, or perhaps under the rule of some entirely new dynasty, as the Brunswickers shall choose; for neither the late duke, who spent so useless and mysterious an existence as we have seen, nor his brother, the duke regnant, leaves any heir to continue the historic and romantic traditions of the ancient stock.

"Who reads an American book?" of course became long ago a very obsolete question in Great Britain; but "who reads an American book?" is a query not so long past in the mother-country that we have reason to forget it. It is really only within a

very few years—that any of the English weeklies have devoted the same space and care to the criticism of American works that have been given to those of equal value published within the charmed limits of the United Kingdom. And it is truly a very noteworthy fact how suddenly and completely the fashion has come to them at last.

We do not mean that, even long ago, American books were not noticed; a paragraph was often given to the criticism of something really valuable, or attractively ridiculous; and sometimes the reviewers were fairly driven into writing of a popular work which had been read half over the English-speaking world before they seemed to awake to its appearance. The number of a book published awed them, too, and they often made this a criterion of value. We remember reading a review of Winthrop's "Cecil Dreeme" in the *Saturday Review* or *Spectator*, which began in this fashion: "It is not our habit to devote much space to the notice of American novels, but really, when a book reaches its sixteenth thousand, as we see that 'Cecil Dreeme' has done, it would seem a reason," etc., etc.

When we look back upon this state of affairs, and then glance at the present treatment of American literary topics, the contrast is of a sort that really makes us hopeful that the two nations may, at some distant day, of course, learn something of one another's opinions. For, at present, almost every one of the English weeklies has come at last to consider American writing not as a thing apart, but as a part and parcel of the great literature of the race.

The London *Athenæum*, which used to give, at the end of each year, an "annual review" of American literature, as it did of the literature of Russia or Denmark, has, we learn, determined to abandon this plan entirely, and to review American books as they appear, with the same thoroughness as those of its own country. Singularly enough, it has only made this resolve to cease to regard us as "foreigners," since the beginning of the present year. It is not long ago since a book like Mr. Howells's "Wedding Journey"—one of the brightest and most graceful of sketches—would have passed utterly unnoticed by the English literary press; but now they manifest even a gently pleasurable emotion in reviewing it. All our lighter literature receives its medium of attention, and there is really shown the beginning of a somewhat reciprocal feeling between the London oracles and our own.

It is odd. In the days when they were oracles with us, they held their peace; in the days when they have ceased to be, they speak, and even volubly. Is it because they were silent, that we held them inspired and awful once? Is it because they speak, that we regard them with mild indifference now? We should regret to draw such a conclusion, and prefer to think more charitably that at last more real knowledge is interchanged between and about the literary men of the two countries; and that we are only discovering, what all some day find out, that the more true knowledge is gained the less oracular utterance is affected.

Art and Music.

AMONG the artists' studios scattered about the country, one of the most beautifully situated is that of Mr. Champney, of Boston, at North Conway, New Hampshire. That beautiful village lies on the southern slope of the White Mountains, in a verdant valley, surrounded by lofty hills.

On the north, spread out in full view the highest peaks of the range, Mount Washington towering in the midst, while on the east rises the famous peak of Kearsarge, and on the west Mote Mountain and Chocorua. The river Saco, bordered with lovely meadows adorned with stately elms, flows through the valley, and many brooks, pouring down the mountains, form picturesque cascades that delight the eye of the artist and charm the lovers of wild and romantic scenery.

On the main road, at the southern entrance of the village, stands a cottage, overshadowed with trees and embowered with honeysuckle and woodbine, where Mr. Champney lives during the summer. His studio is also on the street, a few rods from the house. Those who are familiar with the great Conway picture of White Hills, which so many American artists have painted, will recognize the view from this spot as the point whence they were taken; for, on crossing a brook opposite Mr. Champney's house, we see the golden-green meadows, the charming foreground to the White Mountains, and, on climbing a little hill behind the cottage, the original of the pictures by Kensett, Shattuck, and Brown, lies before us. No artist could be placed amid more congenial surroundings than North Conway affords, and the pictures and studies on the walls of Champney's studio testify to the appreciation by the artist of the loveliness around him.

Twenty years ago, while Conway was yet comparatively unknown, Mr. Champney built this studio, and has continued to occupy it ever since, except during a few summers spent in Europe. Climbing up a couple of wooden steps under a trellis, over which a bignonia, with its clusters of yellow trumpet-flowers is twining, the visitor finds himself in a large room, lighted from a high north window. Shaker arm-chairs form nearly all the furniture of an apartment whose walls are crowded with sketches, to the number of about four hundred, an epitome of Conway, with many reminiscences of other charming places at home and abroad.

To lingerers in these regions, "Artists' Brook," bordered with white flowering alders, and overshadowed by aspens and birch-trees, as well as elms, through which the sunlights flicker and shadows come and go, becomes as familiar and attractive as the more imposing features of this region, and this brook it has been Mr. Champney's delight to paint, especially in spring, when tender green herbage covers its bank; and in autumn, when asters and golden-rods are reflected in its waters.

People who have stayed but little in the mountains, are unaware how much interest attaches to this class of scenery, apart from its prominent features. As dwellers by the sea soon learn to admire the many-hued rocks on its borders, and the little still pools among them—miniature worlds, where delicate sea-weeds float, and small shell-fish live, washed twice a day by the high waves of the advancing tide; so, frequenters of the mountains speedily find a pleasure in the sterile sides of the low hills, whose scant herbage barely suffices as a pasture for a few sheep. But over these gray uplands the dark cloud-shadows move with a

special beauty, deepening the hue of the olive-colored juniper, and toning richly with the browns and ochres in the rocks. Different phases of these hill-sides appear on Mr. Champney's studio-walls, and wind and sunshine and cloud are all represented.

Among the finest features of this region are the forests, among which some of the old sentinels of the woods still remain, scarred by storms, and mossy and broken, yet offering magnificent studies for the brush or pencil. Even the second growth of evergreens has now assumed an air of considerable picture-resonance, for their heavy green is delightful for contrast of color in some of Mr. Champney's paintings, where a group of sunlit elms, graceful in form as antique vases, their trunks fringed to the ground with leaves, make the chief interest in the picture.

It is hard, among so many pleasant scenes, to say which is best. Each of these sketches, so fresh in feeling, forms a little poem, and makes one envy, even more than before, the life of a landscape-painter, whose vocation it is to make forms of beauty, and who, from the necessities of his vocation, is compelled to live among the finest scenes in the land.

Long and interesting accounts of the musical meeting held in Bonn, in memory of Schumann, reach us from several quarters. The "Memorial Celebration" (*Gedächtnisfeier*), as it was called by the committee of management, took place on August 17th, 18th, and 19th, and consisted of three concerts, in which some of the most eminent of German musicians took part. Madame Schumann, the widow of the composer, and one of the best of German pianists, interpreted her husband's compositions for the piano-forte. Joachim, the master of violinists; his wife, a well-known singer; Strauss, of Vienna; Messrs. Diener of Berlin, Stockhausen of Stuttgart, and others of equal note, assisted in the concerts, while amateur and professional musicians from all countries were present—among them Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt and her husband, with a host of musical celebrities. Of the programme and the rehearsals, with other matters of interest, the *Athenæum* reports:

"Rehearsals were held on Friday morning (the 15th), as also in the evening, in the Beethoven Halle, the decorations of which were confined to a medallion-bust of Schumann, and laurel-wreaths attached to the organ. On the 16th there were again rehearsals, morning and evening; and there was the final *soirée* Generalprobe early on Monday morning, besides private rehearsals of the chamber works. On Sunday, the 17th, at six p. m., was the first concert. The scheme was solely confined to the Fourth Symphony in D minor, and the cantata 'Das Paradies und die Peri,' Herr Joachim conducting the former, and Herr von Wasielewski the latter. The vocalists were Frau Marie Wilt, prima donna from Vienna, known here as Madame Vilda, at the Royal Italian Opera; Fräulein Marie Sartorius, from Cologne; Frau Amalie Joachim (contralto), from Berlin; Herr Franz Diener (tenor), from Berlin; Herr Julius Stockhausen (baritone), from Stuttgart; and Herr Adolph Schulze (basso), from Berlin.

"At Monday's concert (the 18th), the programme included the Second Symphony in C; the 'Manfred Overture'; the chorus, with orchestra, the 'Nachtlied'; the Piano-forte Concerto in A minor, dedicated to Ferdinand Hiller, executed by Frau Schumann; and the third part of the 'Seenen aus Faust.'

"The third and final concert, at eleven o'clock in the morning, on the 19th, comprised

classical chamber compositions, including the piano-forte-and-string Quintet in E minor; the string Quartet in A minor; the Andante, with variations for two piano-fortes, played by Frau Schumann and Herr Rudolf, of Berlin; songs by Frau Wilt, Frau Joachim, Herr Diener, and Herr J. Stockhausen. The executants in the quintet were Frau Schumann, Herren Joachim, Von Königslöw (from Cologne), violins; Straus (London), viola; and Müller (Berlin), violoncello.

"The great feature of the festival was the band, one of the finest ever assembled in Germany. There were twenty first-violins, eighteen second-fiddles; fourteen violas, fourteen violoncellos, twelve double basses; flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons, four of each instrument; six horns, three trumpets, three trombones, ophicleide, with percussion as usual. This orchestral phalanx of one hundred and eleven players was flanked on each side of the platform by a chorus of three hundred and ninety-four voices (one hundred and twenty sopranos, one hundred and five altos, seventy-two tenors, and ninety-seven basses)."

One of the pleasantest beliefs that one may safely entertain is, that in most matters in which good taste and artistic feeling may be displayed we are fast learning to employ them. Few things could be more clear than that the desire for and appreciation of the beautiful, abstractly considered, are spreading apace, and are exerting their influences in all directions.

The streets are full of small proofs of what we say. For instance, the shop-windows tell a tale. The goods displayed are arranged with a much better understanding of the attractions of shape and color than we were accustomed to see ten years ago. The façades of the buildings, though in many cases full of affronts to consistency and proportion, show a clear spirit of seeking for better things, which is in itself something to be applauded. The decorations of the interiors, as one may see them while passing, are full of suggestions that the art of making the most of our opportunities is rapidly pushing its way. We now want tinted walls, pretty iron-work, correct wood-carving, graduated tints, when, not long ago, we would have been content with bare utility. The *bi-sarre* and *outré* in dress, furniture, and decoration, is now the rather startling exception.

We are told that our jewelers are the most artistic and thorough in the world; that their coworkers—the glass-cutters and the silversmiths—are noted all the world over for the boldness of their conceptions and the fineness of their work.

The various trades are fast displaying the art-idea; and the harness-makers, the tailors, the carriage-builders, all are asking for workmen who are capable of flight into the poetry of shape and design.

In our parks we now demand correct arches, finer groves, more graceful fountains, and broader drives, and we are better adepts in the detection of ugliness than in former days.

Church architecture is a better index of our progress than any other. True, faults are still committed in our city, at which we shall blush in a little while; but, notwithstanding these, the balance of true products is very large. Our great buildings are the mile-stones of our advance, and we should keep critical eyes upon them, lest they belie us one of these days.

We know of two very bad and very expensive public structures now in progress, and of one that is absolutely frightful in its combination of colors and methods; but the satia-

faction for them is derived from the almost entire unanimity with which they are condemned by the passers-by. It is a recompense to see that the appreciation of their sins against certain accepted canons is so wide-spread.

The *Saturday Review's* third paper on "Art at the Vienna Exhibition" is neither so important as a piece of criticism, nor so valuable as a description, as its predecessors. It deals with the French collection, which it praises very highly; the Italian, which it condemns; the Swiss, which it treats with indifference; the Belgian, Dutch, and Scandinavian, which it passes over with little remark. In conclusion, it returns to the English collection, and says, in somewhat melancholy manner: "It is with pain that we again speak of the humiliating position forced upon our English artists. Seventy-two pictures, even though they had been better selected than those now exhibited at Vienna, cannot possibly do justice to our native school. Yet we know that Germans appreciate the English collection even such as it is. Still every one must feel that English pictures, usually limited to cabinet size, and for the most part content with a *genre* treatment, necessarily suffer when brought into competition with large canvases from France and Germany, and even from Italy and Russia. We devoutly wish that it were possible for the whole Royal Academy to go over bodily to Vienna. Academicians and associates would then have to confess, as did Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Vatican, that they were brought into contact with noble works, whereof they could not so much as comprehend even the fundamental principles. Yet we naturally looked for some compensation in the direction of English landscape and of native water-color drawing. But the good cause of the one was rendered hopeless by two chief productions from the pencil of Mr. Richard Redgrave, R.A.; while, as to English water-colors, what do we find? Why, that here conspicuously are the men and the works that stand at a discount in London. The space assigned to England is avowedly inadequate; and yet, as if to make bad worse, the walls reserved for the fine arts are usurped by botanical diagrams and other abortions of 'science and art.' Never before has a nation gone into battle more deliberately courting defeat. It is right that our English painters, sculptors, and architects, when they find themselves humiliated in Vienna as they were in Paris, should know that it is to their generous and disinterested friends at South Kensington that their gratitude will be due."

A musical festival at Hereford, in England, celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth gathering of the three choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford, was held on September 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, and, according to the announcements, called together some well-known amateur singers. The following more famous professional vocalists also were to take part: Mmes. Tietjens, Edith Wynne, and Bartkowska (soprano); Mmes. Trebelli-Bettini and Enriquez (contralto); Messrs. Cummings, Montem Smith, and Lloyd; Mr. Santley, and Signor Agnesi. The band numbered sixty-six players (forty-five stringed), with M. Sainton as leader. Dr. Wesley and Mr. Dove presided at the organ alternately. Mr. Townshend Smith, the organist of Hereford Cathedral, was the conductor. The festival was held in the cathedral at Hereford.

Concerning Campanini, the tenor, who is to come to us next season in the Strakosch opera-troupe, the correspondent of a contemporary says: "Campanini made his *début* in London

at Her Majesty's Opera-House, in the rôle of *Genaro*, in 'Lucresia Borgia,' May 4, 1873. Since the *début* of Ginglini, sixteen years before, there was nothing on the London boards to equal the success of the young tenor. He has held sway since for two long seasons, before the most critical audiences in the world. According to the judgment of the most eminent critics in London, Signor Campanini's voice is singularly sweet, pure, and equal, his high B flat being of the most exquisite tone. His method is admirable; they say he sings in the pure Italian school. He places no trust in the detestable *vibrato* and other wretched tricks of vocalization which operatic artists so often affect, his style of singing being as pure as his voice, which is saying a great deal."

The Boston journals indulge in endless expressions of regret at the loss of Mr. P. S. Gilmore, who, as long ago announced, is to be hereafter the leader of a New-York band of the highest order of merit. Hardly a newspaper in Boston has failed to have its trail over this migration of the great Jubilee leader; but why was there no offer made to him, sufficient to keep him within the magic circle of the Hub? There is little use in regrets, unless they take a more practical form than Boston has given them in this matter.

Literary Notes.

IT is probably a result, in part, of the shah's visit to England that a sudden interest in Persian poetry seems to have seized upon the English. Among the papers called forth by this new topic, one of the most noteworthy seems to be a pamphlet, signed with the initials "S. R.," giving "An Analysis and Specimens of the Joseph and Zulaikha; an Historical Romantic Poem, by the Persian Poet Jami." From the extracts given by the English reviews, we give the following description of some parts of this very interesting and thoroughly Oriental work.

The commencement of the story is delayed by a series of long preludes; these may be supposed to represent the galleries and ante-chambers, which those who are about to enter the presence of royalty have to traverse before they reach the inner sanctuary, where majesty abides. These preludes are full of beauty, and evince the pious, earnest spirit with which the poet began his labors, and are evidence that a deep sense is hidden under the highly-colored descriptions of an earthly passion.

After invoking the blessing of the Deity on his work, and praying that all he does may be for the glory of the Eternal, and not with a view to himself, the poet alludes to the subject he has chosen:

"And nothing but a name has yet been left of this story.

In this the wine-house of pleasant histories, I find not an echo of this sweet melody. The guests drank the wine and forthwith departed—

Departed, and left only the empty wine-jars."

This is the feeling that underlies our interest in viewing old portraits, old ruins, and in reading the records of long ago. Jami then proceeds to a long celebration of the Divine greatness, and finally sums up his counsel to men by saying:

"Wherefore it is better that we, an inquisitive handful, Should polish our mirror from the rust of earth's soil, Sink into forgetfulness of our own existence, And seat ourselves henceforth on the knees of Silence."

Various other poetical halls and galleries have to be traversed, all containing singularly subtle and beautiful thoughts, and all preparatory to this preëminent love-story, which was considered by the poet of sufficient importance to be revealed in a vision.

At last, we reach the presence of the lovely Zulaikha, and all merely mortal men are bound to fall prostrate at her feet. In the Western land there lived a renowned king, whose name was Timus. He had a daughter, Zulaikha, whom he loved beyond all things in the world. As to her loveliness, the poet declares "it is not to be comprised within the limits of description." Nevertheless, he gives a charming picture of her as a young, fresh, happy girl, before passion was stirred or sorrow had come nigh her:

"Never yet had a burden weighed upon her heart,
Never yet had she loved or slept a lover;
She slept through the night as sleeps the fresh
narcissus,
And bloomed in the morning like the smiling
rose-bud:
She had not a care beyond her spirits,
So she was cheerful and gay at heart,
And her soul was free from every sorrow
As to what the coming days might bring to vex it.
Or what might be born from the womb of the
nights."

But by a vision, in which there appears to her a beautiful youth, with whom she falls in love, this happy maiden is plunged into the greatest misery. The youth of the dream is Joseph—the Joseph of the Bible—who, in a second vision, tells her that he is prince of Egypt, and worthy of her love. Her father, who has been dismayed by the state of mind into which the first dream had thrown her, is delighted at hearing that the imagined lover actually exists in the flesh, and is of rank suitable for his daughter's husband; he sends her with a royal retinue to Egypt, to offer her in marriage to the prince. Of how she meets Potiphar instead of Joseph, and becomes the Potiphar's wife of the biblical story, we have not space to tell; but the poet carries her life much further than the Scriptures. Potiphar dies, and, at last, she marries Joseph, with whom she leads a long and happy life. When her husband dies, Zulaikha lies insensible for three days, and then she has herself carried to his grave, and expires upon it. Her attendants bury her by the side of Joseph. The conclusion is exquisitely pathetic. "Indeed," says a review, "no one can read the poem without being touched with sympathy for the love and sufferings of Zulaikha; they are as fresh and human as though they were the story of yesterday. The mystic meaning which the poet has infused into his work, does not in the least detract from the human interest of the story, though it gives it a force and dignity beyond what can be carried by any human passion."

It was long ago announced that M. Edmond About would succeed the late M. Philardé Chasles as the Paris correspondent of the London *Athenæum*. His first letter to that journal was published in the number for August 23d. In it he pays this tribute to his predecessor: "I am really flattered to enter into regular and direct communication with the literary public of Great Britain, under the auspices of the editor of the *Athenæum*; and it is no small honor to succeed in such a journal such a man as Philardé Chasles. But I must begin by the most humiliating of confessions. However improbable the thing may seem to those who look upon French literature as a family circle, I have to avow that never, in the forty-five years of my life, did I ever set eyes, even at a

distance, on the face of that extraordinary man of letters. How came it that I did not know him? Well, I should find it hard to say. The fact is, that I never saw Philardé Chasles, just as I never saw Lamartine, Balzac, and Musset, whose works I know by heart. All the same, I spent my childhood with the son of a brilliant professor, Emile Chasles, who occupies a distinguished place among the men of letters of our university society. Not only used we together to attend the lectures at the old Charlemagne College, but we used to eat our bread at the same boarding-house, along with the two sons of Victor Hugo, with Louis Ulbach, Eugène Manuel, Antoine Grenier, and some others who have made a name in the newspaper world. . . .

"One of the merits of Philardé Chasles, in the eyes of literary posterity, will be his having been up to his last day faithful to literature. He loved it with a passion that left no room within his heart. Never was a man of letters more absolutely a man of letters. Had it been but for this, he ought to have been elected in his early years to the Academy, and his bold spirit would, with a little help, have revived that venerable body. I should add that the announcement of his terribly sudden death called forth, along with a thousand other thoughts, one thought at least which was in the mind of all. There rose a perfect chorus: 'He wasn't a member of the Academy.' Why wasn't he a member of the Academy? What would the academy have lost by opening to him her gates? What would she not have gained?"

"A Critical Examination of the Life and Teachings of Mohammed," written in English by a Mohammedan and a native East Indian, is a new thing, if not a curiosity in literature—especially in the literature of theological controversy. The *Saturday Review*, in speaking of the recently-published work of Syed Amer Ali, with the title above given, not only thinks it a welcome novelty, but very pertinently draws a sharp contrast between Mr. Amer's powerful advocacy of his cause in a foreign tongue, and the efforts of a similar kind made by Christian missionaries. It says: "We will not attempt to praise a Mohammedan of India for a command of English which few English writers possess; but we may say that it will be a good day for Christian missionaries when, in the language of those whom they seek to convert, they can utter their own convictions and plead the cause of their Master with the eloquence and force of Mr. Syed Amer Ali. One thing assuredly they will do well to learn—and they can scarcely fail to learn it from reading this book—that the points on which the most thoughtful and educated among the adherents of the two faiths are agreed are by no means insignificant either in number or importance. It is impossible that the great work which they have at heart can be promoted by intolerance and uncharitableness; nor can the superiority of one religion over another be successfully upheld by those who obstinately shut their eyes, not to facts which seem to tell against themselves, but to those which tend to exhibit their adversaries in a less repulsive light."

The London *Athenæum* says: "One of the mysteries of Shakespeare's life is at length solved. Some time ago we mentioned that Mr. J. O. Halliwell had had the good fortune to discover a remarkable and unique series of documents respecting the two theatres with which the poet was connected. They included even lists of the original proprietors and sharers.

Shakespeare's name does not occur in those lists. Mr. Halliwell has now furnished us with the texts of those passages in which the great dramatist is expressly mentioned, notices far more interesting than any thing of the kind yet brought to light. The sons of James Burbage are speaking in an affidavit. They tell us that, after relinquishing their theatrical speculations in Shoreditch, they 'built the Globe with summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres, and to ourselves wee joyined those deserving men, Shakspeare, Hemings, Condall, Phillips, and others, partners in the profits of that they call the House.' As to the Blackfriars, they say, 'Our father purchased it at extreame rates, and made it into a play-house with great charge and trouble, which after was leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell;—In proceesse of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, it was considered that house would be as fitt for ourselves, and soe purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, and Richard Burbage.' These important evidences contradict all recent theories and opinions respecting Shakespeare's business connection with the theatres."

It is announced that a remarkable paper is about to be published in Paris. Among the documents found in the Bastille, of which five volumes have already appeared under the editorship of M. Ravaisson, of the Arsenal Library, there has been found a record showing that Racine was summoned before King Louis XIV. as accused of having robbed and poisoned La Duparc, a celebrated actress, for whom he composed the part of *Andromaque*, and who was his mistress till the time of her death, in 1688. "The accusation," says an English review, coming as it did from the infamous woman Voisin, tried, condemned, and executed as *empoisonneuse*, could not be entertained for a moment; but it heavily weighed on the exquisitely sensitive mind of Racine, till he died, broken-hearted, in 1699. Racine has often been reproached with being so craven a courtier that he could not bear the slightest displeasure of his royal master; but such an accusation as that launched forth by La Voisin, and taken notice of by the king, in presence of Louvois, one of the bitterest enemies of the poet, certainly was of a nature to deeply wound even a strong-minded man."

We learn from a review that an early and unknown edition of "Ciceronis Epistolæ Familiariæ" has just been discovered in Italy by a Parisian bookseller. It is printed on vellum, with the types of the unknown printer of the Horatius, and very likely circa 1470. After the word *finis* are the following lines:

"Nicia quis vestros Polycletoque canit honores.
Si videt manibus premia parta novis;
Rarus erat numerus librorum: inventa litura est.
Que quas æternum reddere laudis opus."

Liturs for printing is rather a wide poetical license.

From Professor Mezières's new volume on "Goethe's Works, illustrated by his Life," the *Athenæum* gathers that "Hermann und Dorothea" is drawn from a story of the sixteenth century, and the small town where the pastoral is going on is nothing else than Ilmenau, a favorite resort of the poet in 1795. 'Faust' is partly borrowed from a legend, and *Marguerite* is Mlle. de Klettemberg, whom Goethe knew when, like his hero, he was studying alchemy."

Scientific Notes.

IN a recent communication to the Belgian Academy of Sciences, M. Montigny presented certain facts and conclusions regarding the comparative velocity of wind at different temperatures, which, in view of the anticipated transatlantic balloon-voyage, will be of general interest. The points of observation chosen by M. Montigny were the galleries on the spire of the cathedral at Antwerp. These galleries are three in number, and project from the spire at the respective heights of two hundred and seven, two hundred and ninety-two, and three hundred and forty-one feet. At the end of metal rods seven feet in length, extending from each gallery, there were attached Woltman anemometers. These instruments were of copper, the four wings of which were each 5.84 inches in length. The shafts to which these wings were attached communicated their motion by means of an endless screw to toothed wheels. These latter were so adjusted that at every sixtieth revolution a hammer was raised and let fall upon a signal-bell, the time between each stroke of the bell being accurately noted by a second-chronometer. As an incident to the main purpose of these observations, it was noticed that when the rods projected from the gallery in the direction of the wind its velocity seemed to have been retarded, owing to the resistance offered by the spire, the influence of which was evident at the end of the rod, seven feet distant. From a table containing the carefully-recorded results of two hundred and twenty-four separate observations, it was clearly demonstrated that "the average velocity of every wind increases with the height, and this conclusion, founded, as it is, upon a series of exact experiments, may justly be regarded as a law." In the case of these special observations it was noticed that the relative increase between the lower, middle, and upper gallery was in the ratios of twenty, twenty-two, and twenty-three feet per second. Should this ratio of increase be constant, it is evident that what to those on the earth's surface is a gentle breeze may be to the bold voyagers above the clouds a hurricane. If, therefore, a clipper-ship sailing at "sea-level" can make the port of Liverpool from New York in sixteen days, it is not without a show of reason that Professor Wise names sixty hours as the "table-time" of the good ship Graphic.

The *American Journal of Science and Arts* for September publishes an account of L. Dufour's experiments "On the Reflection of Solar Heat from the Surface of Lake Geneva," from which we condense as follows: Observations were made at five stations, situated at different distances from the lake, and at various heights above its level. At each of these stations three sets of observations were made. The method used for determining the temperature was that proposed by Gasparin—of hollow blackened bulbs with a central thermometer. In arranging these instruments the first was protected by suitable screens, thus recording the atmospheric temperature alone; the second bulb, while screened from the direct rays of the sun, was exposed to the heat reflected from the water; while the third was wholly exposed, thus recording both the direct and reflected heat. By a comparison of the results obtained at the same moment from these three thermometers, data was secured from which the following conclusions were reached: 1. The highest proportion of reflected heat was 0.68 of the incident or direct heat. This maximum was twice observed, with a solar elevation

of 4° 38' and 3° 34'. As might be judged, the amount of reflected heat diminished as the solar elevation increased, becoming inappreciable when the sun attained an elevation of 30°. 2. Owing to the constant changes in the level of the water-surface, and the partial absorption of the reflected ray by intervening layers of air of variable thickness, the law of proportion between the reflected heat and the solar elevation could not be determined. 3. Owing also to an increase in the intervening stratum of air, the proportion of reflected heat arriving at distant stations does not always increase with the fall of the sun toward the horizon. 4. The calmer the surface of the lake the greater the proportion of heat reflected. The remaining four notes relate mainly to the methods employed to compute the various results. Though apparently of a nature strictly technical, these results may yet be found of value in their bearing on certain meteorological problems, particularly those which relate to the origin and force of trade-winds and ocean-currents.

Having already announced to our readers that the female octopus of the Brighton Aquarium had deposited numerous eggs upon the rocky bed of its tank, and was watching over them with maternal zeal, we are now prepared to make known the fact that all is well with the little ones, who, in the form of perfected embryos, have entered upon life in earnest. This event is more significant than might appear from the simple announcement. In the works of Aristotle, written four hundred years before the Christian era, there appears a minute description of the habits of the octopus, with an account of the precise method by which the ova were fertilized, and the time needed for a rupture of the envelopes and escape of the young octopoda. This time was given as fifty days; and how exact was the calculation may be judged from the fact that the Brighton eggs, that were deposited on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of June last, were hatched on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of August. Such a remarkable verification of an ancient record can but direct renewed inquiry as to the means employed by the ancients to obtain results requiring such close observation, and under conditions so peculiar. In this interesting report we find a renewed cause for urging upon our authorities or wealthy citizens the one great need of Central Park—namely, a series of aquarium tanks, such as shall rival in size and completeness any of the Old World. Already there is hardly a great city on the Continent which has not either completed or in progress of construction a public aquarium, while New York, with its superior facilities for maintaining and stocking aquarium tanks, is without even a proposed plan.

Sir Henry Rawlinson, president of the English Geographical Society, has received a letter from Sir Samuel Baker, dated Khartoum, July 2d. From this communication we learn that the distinguished traveler is inclined to accept as a fact the opinions advanced by the natives that "Tanganyika and Albert Lakes are one sheet of water, with narrow straits overgrown with water-grass, through which you require a guide." The arrival of Sir Samuel in England is expected during the present month.

Among the recent engineering projects is that proposed by an Italian engineer to bridge the Bosphorus, thus laying the way for a continuous railway line from Trieste, through Constantinople, and so on, till a junction with the Euphrates Valley line is effected. The bridge is to be supported upon eighteen columns of

sufficient height to admit of the free passage of vessels beneath.

Professor Hildebrand, a German botanist, has recently conducted a series of experiments to determine the causes of fertilization in flowering plants. As the result of these observations, it is announced that the agent of fertilization in all grasses, except those few in which the flowers never open, is the wind, insects apparently playing no part in it.

The new pattern of iron-clad adopted for the Russian navy is exactly circular in form, and is propelled by six engines disposed at intervals around the ship.

In accordance with a special arrangement recently consummated, we are pleased to announce to our readers that hereafter there will appear, as a regular feature of our science column, an authorized list of the weekly additions to the Central Park Menagerie and the American Museum of Natural History. As these institutions—the former in particular—owe much to the liberality of their patrons and the public, it appears eminently proper that accompanying the name of the gift should appear that of the giver. Moreover, by appending the names of the donors, we are not only accomplishing an act of simple justice, but may also be serving the institutions in directing the attention of the public to the fact that all such gifts are thankfully received, and will be promptly acknowledged. Such as are intended for the Menagerie may be sent or delivered to W. A. Conklin, Central Park Menagerie; while specimens designed for the Museum of Natural History can be forwarded to the curator of that institution, Central Park, New York. The following list, and all succeeding ones, will contain a record of the additions for the week preceding its announcement, though we propose, at an early day, to present a brief report of the present status of both the Menagerie and Museum, which shall contain a classified list of the main attractions and objects of marked interest:

ADDITIONS TO THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE AND AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 31, 1873.

Additions to Menagerie.

One HAWESBELL TURTLE (*Chelone imbricata*). Habitat, East Indies. Presented by Mr. W. E. Damon.

From this species of turtle the valuable tortoise-shell of commerce is obtained. The reptile is exposed to a strong heat, which causes the plates to be removed easily; the turtle is then turned adrift, its flesh not being fit for food. After a time, a second set of plates grows upon the back.

One RED-DEER (*Cervicus Virginianus*). Donor not known.

One OROSSUM (*Didelphys Virginiana*), and One RACCOON (*Procyon lotor*). Presented by Mr. S. G. Friederich.

One MOTTLED OWL (*Scops asio*). Presented by Mr. S. Green.

One WOODCHUCK (*Arctomys monax*). Presented by Mr. George E. Stillwell.

One GRAY SQUIRREL (*Sciurus Carolinensis*). Presented by Mrs. Anna Meyers.

Additions to Museum.

One AMERICAN HOUND-FISH (*Mustelus canis*), in alcohol. Presented by George Bayles, M. D.

Sayings and Doings at Home and Abroad.

THE Spanish Cortes was the witness, on the 31st of July, of one of the most thrilling scenes that ever took place in a parliamentary body. In the course of a heated discussion on the Intransigent insurrection, one or two of the deputies made sneering allusions to Castelar, and at last he responded in a speech which, even when translated into English, is full of eloquence. He denounced the rebels as "an ignominious horde of military adventurers" and "barrack conspirators," and predicted the possibility of a temporary Carlist triumph, brought about by "the insanity and senselessness of the Republicans." In conclusion, he declared that when he looked for the patriot he did not see him in the man "who plants a hated and hateful flag on the masts of the ships of Don Juan of Austria and the Marquis of Santa Cruz;" . . . but I see the patriot and I see the country in the simple-hearted volunteer of Estella, who, with his wife by his side, was found seated on a hundred quintals of gunpowder with the lighted torch in his hand, awaiting the entrance of the Carlist faction into the citadel to die like a hero! Yes, in him I see the patriot, in him I see the country of Viriato, and of Pelayo, and of the Cid, and of Davis and Velarde—the country of the martyr Gerona, and of the sainted Zaragoza!" The correspondent, from whose account we quote, says that imagination can hardly conceive the effect of this closing sentence. The House shook with applause; the members nearest the orator seized him, hugged him, patted him, and kissed him. Salmeron, president of the ministry, embraced him, and so did all the ministerial bench. This went on for half an hour, after which the motion against the insurgents was carried by a vote of one hundred and twenty-five to fifteen.

In discussing the possibility of a restoration in France, the *Spectator* says: "The monarchists say that the Orleansist princes having yielded their claims during the lifetime of their cousin, a majority can be found in the Assembly to recognize Henri de Bourbon as King of France. In that event the army would obey the Assembly, the officials have been manipulated, all hostile papers are being suppressed, MM. Thiers and Gambetta could be arrested, and the king would be led back 'to the Tuilleries' amid universal applause. They mean, at all events, to try it, and believe they can succeed. It may be so, of course. If they can get their majority; if M. de Chambord does not throw them over once more; if Paris has no fight left in her; if the Germans like to see an armed champion of ultramontanism on the French throne; if the monarchists dare arrest the man who fought for France; if the republican divisions of the army adhere; if Marshal MacMahon likes the rôle of cat's-paw; and, if Providence relaxes its steady opposition to the Bourbons, they may succeed. If any one of those contingencies breaks down, they fail; and the failure will be final. Charles Edward, the superior, at least in audacity, of the Bourbons, only reached Derby. They see success before them, they say, if only the king 'believes in the Sacred Heart.' Victory is to the pious, no doubt—as witness the two Bonapartes, and Louis XV., who died in his bed undisputed king, after reigning through a long life and setting up a *Paro aux Cerfs*."

The Viennese have got hold of or invented a story which fully accounts for the unpunctuality of the shah. He carries about with him a little fat man, whom he calls his astrologer, and who ascertains for him the propitious moment at which he may begin to do any thing. Of course, if the astrologer does not want him to go, the stars are unpropitious, but, if he does, all are favorable. That story, we fear, will not hold water. Every Oriental prince has his favorite astrologer, who tells him of times and seasons, but his principal use is to enable his master to do exactly as he likes. The astrologer merely consults his master's wishes, and his master's wish is always to go his own way, except when inconvenient. Consequently, the stars always show the princes of India that the time fixed for a *durbār* is the

propitious hour, and a prince whose stars were obstinate would be suspected very justly of an intentional disrespect. The stars would not presume to disobey the shah for more than five minutes, any more than St. Januarius's blood refused to obey the French conqueror of Naples.

The Paris police have arrested M. Legrand, who claims to be the *doyen des voleurs*, and to have been at one period of his career the associate of Lacenaire. He was no sooner apprehended than he proffered a full and complete confession of his doings from the age of seventeen, when he made his *début* in the criminal world. After undergoing a few trifling punishments he was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance of Lacenaire, while serving his time in the central prison at Poissy for burglary. Afterward he was a member of the "Blackfeet" band, which enjoyed a certain reputation of its kind, and he relates with considerable relish that altogether he has been convicted, mostly in *consummation*, eighteen times, and sentenced to fifty years' imprisonment and thirty years' surveillance by the police. M. Legrand seems anxious to retire from his profession, and, it is said, that he is "denouncing" his former friends with such good will that the Paris prisons will soon be full of them.

A man named Ryan died, the other day, in a London workhouse, whither he had been carried in a state of utter starvation. He had been editor of a French newspaper, which, being suppressed, he had come to London and endeavored to get a living by translating manuscripts; but, as this did not prove a lucrative employment, he left his lodgings suddenly, and had since been walking the city streets day and night. He had had, he said, no food for days, except pieces of bread which he found on walls, fences, etc., during the day. He at times slept on the grass in the parks, but at night "it was one continued 'move on, move on!'" from the police. We can well understand that poor Ryan's nerves must have been unstrung by this kind of life, more especially as he was suffering from consumption—his death being accelerated by that disease, though immediately caused by "exhaustion and neglect." The jury found a verdict in accordance with the facts, and Ryan has "moved on" to a world where no policeman's voice can disturb him.

Montenegro has begun, under the mild and pacific rule of the new hospodar, Nikita, himself educated abroad, to throw off the reproach of being the most utterly ignorant part of Christian Europe. Three years since, it is asserted, on the best German authority, incredible as it may seem, there were not one hundred and fifty persons who could read decently in the whole country, and hardly any one who could write. It was also said that few of the parish priests knew any thing but their book of prayers, and that only by rote. The first steps toward education were promoted by Russia, which gave, in 1869, a liberal sum toward maintaining a seminary for Greek priests, the empress having at the same time endowed a school for the better class of girls at the capital. The hospodar has of late been exerting himself to found a system of parish schools, and thirty of these are already established, in which two thousand children are receiving instruction.

The *Pull Mail Gazette* is sarcastic upon Mr. Bruce, who filled the Home Office till the late rupture in Mr. Gladstone's ministry, and is now promoted to the peerage. His title is Lord Aberdare, and the *Gazette* suggests the following coat-of-arms: "An escutcheon of pretense should form a feature in his shield, representing the triumphant reform of the cab system. One quartering would display three cabs crawling, with flags argent, reversed and surmounted by three tickets and a book of cabbages, incorrect. In another part of the shield the 'gratifying diminution of crime' might be typified by a policeman dormant, traversed by three burglars rampant, and faced by a householder couchant, the whole surmounted by a crow-bar sinister. Other emblems will no doubt suggest themselves to complete the shield, so that none of the subjects with which Mr. Bruce has so successfully dealt should be left without its fitting commemoration."

M. de Broglie has refused to mitigate Rochefort's dreadful sentence of transportation to New Caledonia, where the prisoners, as shown by the *Melbourne Argus*, die by hundreds, of scurvy. "The sentence," says the *Spectator*, "is death by torture, and then the Legitimists, if one of them is shot in a street riot, fill the air with their cries of horror. What had Rochefort ever done that Swift did not do every week, and it was all to help the Broglies to their present position? But for him, the bald-headed dukes would all be in their *châteaux*, the subjects of a Bonaparte, powerless relics of a régime which, let them hope what they like from a momentary panic in France, has passed away forever. They will, if they win, have just time to prove that France in 1789 had reason to abhor their rule."

The French Legitimists are conducting a vigorous propaganda in the departments. Their activity quite equals that of the Bonapartists. "Pamphlets, prints, portraits of Henri V., who is proclaimed the savior of France—nothing," says a Paris correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, "is lacking. Pilgrimages are encouraged on all sides, and the workmen and peasantry instigated to take part in them. At Laon it has been announced that an effort will be made to pay the expenses of the workmen who take part in the pilgrimage of Liesse, in consequence of the wish which some of them have expressed to be compensated. Petitions are everywhere hawked about, with the view of asking the Assembly to make the Sunday rest compulsory."

A recent writer on French manners observes that "it is one of the highest merits of the system that it tacitly lays down the principle that all persons meeting in the same house know each other without the formality of an introduction. Any man may ask a girl to dance, or may speak to anybody at a private party. Another merit of French manners is the general absence of *mauvais honte*. If a boy drops his book at church, he picks it up without blushing. A Frenchwoman takes off her bonnet and arranges her hair before the glass in a railway waiting-room, without a thought of the presence of bystanders. In her eyes all such things are so natural, so much a matter of course, that it never occurs to her to make any fuss about them."

A propos of the Canadian Pacific Railway scandal, the *Saturday Review* says: "Although the social conditions and the political institutions of Canada resemble those of the United States, it had been thought that the governing class was more select and less unscrupulous in the colony than in the republic. When office and power fall to command popular respect, they will generally be used for the personal benefit of the incumbents. The Canadian ministers have probably at the worst only been guilty of electoral corruption; but their successors may perhaps become as venal as if they were members of a New-York or Pennsylvania Legislature."

"If Congress," says the *Nation*, "be considered, from the sentimental point of view, as a place of repose for men who have gone through the hard vicissitudes of life—a place of rest and recreation, where, doing nothing, they can be liberally supported, and have the amusement of making empty speeches when they feel in the humor for oratory, and the coarse pleasures of hotel-lounging, and card-playing, and theatre-going, for all of which in early life they yearned without having the time or money to indulge, then Congress admirably fulfills its end."

The Italian correspondent of the London *Times* gives some interesting particulars of the state of the Italian army. It is now so organized, he says, under General Ricotti, that it can place three hundred thousand men in the first line, with endless half-trained reserves. The men are well disciplined, of an excellent temper, merry as school-boys, and devoted as monks, and on the very best of terms with the civil population, who, knowing they will injure nothing, welcome them even when they arrive in armies for their camp manoeuvres.

There is a deadly weapon used in Mexico and California, called the sand-club, made of an eel-skin filled with sand. A person when

struck with this weapon seldom recovers, and it never leaves any marks. For several years the California police were puzzled to account for some mysterious deaths, but not long ago they captured a burglar who had one of these formidable weapons in his possession.

An item of news from an English newspaper does not show that a particularly tolerant spirit is manifested by certain professional gentlemen in the city of Bristol. It seems that "the honorary medical and surgical staff of the Bristol Hospital for Sick Children and the Out-door Treatment of Women have, as a body, resigned their appointments as physicians and surgeons, in consequence of the recent election of a lady to the office of surgeon."

The English ritualists have found another absurdity to worry their bishops with. They want to build "baldachinos," or canopies, over their altars, of course to signify that the mystical presence is there; and their congregations are very angry, and of course rush to the bishops, who are perplexed, as the question happens never to have come before the courts before.

The *Reiniment* estimates the number of industrial establishments in France at 150,000, employing 3,000,000 hands, and steam-power equal to 450,000 horses. The business done amounts to 19,000,000,000 francs. The Department of the Seine occupies the first place, with a sum of 1,989,783,000 francs, and the Cantal comes at the bottom of the list, with 3,677,458 francs only.

Björnson, the Norwegian novelist, is coming to America in October, to remain permanently. He says, if he can find any thing to do in New York, he will remain there; and, if not, he will go to the Northwest and become a farmer. Though confessedly the leading literary man of his native country, and pastor of a church, he cannot earn a moderate living.

Orders have been issued from the ministry of police at Constantinople, prohibiting Turkish ladies from entering shops for the purpose of making purchases, whether the shops be kept by Turks or Christians; and, in future, they will have to make all their purchases from their carriages, or, when they have no carriages, at shop doors or windows.

The Dutch journals announce that King William has invested the Sultan of Djocokata with the dignity of commander of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands. The sultan's name is Hamankowonosenopatingalagonab-guraohmansaydinupnotogomede V. It looks like a bit of railway line.

The pope has written a letter to the Comte de Chambord, congratulating him on the fusion of the Bourbons, in which he says that God has listened to the prayers of the Catholic world, and that the hydra of revolution is on the eve of destruction.

Irving is said to have made more money by his works than any other literary man of America. First and last, he received two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Longfellow and Bayard Taylor have made about fifty thousand dollars each.

The *Poll Mail Gazette* thinks it extremely likely that President Grant will be nominated for a third term, if for no other reason because of the "absence of any conspicuous political figure in the Republican ranks except General Butler."

Dr. Kenealy, the counsel for the Tichborne claimant, addressed the jury for twenty-one days, and his speech is estimated to have cost the tax-payers, in time, at least eighty-five thousand dollars.

The introduction of the post into Japan dates back but a very few years, yet upward of two and a half million letters were carried by the native postal department last year.

The Universities of Göttingen and Heidelberg have resolved not to admit any female students.

Mr. Tennyson has again declined a baronetcy for himself, but has accepted it for his eldest son, now at Oxford University.

It is estimated that the new edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" will cost over a million dollars.

Galvani states that the painter, Winterhalter, left a fortune of four million francs.

It is proposed to enlarge the London Crystal Palace, by the addition of a wing in the rear, to cost ten thousand pounds.

Russia prints only one hundred newspapers in all, while Germany claims twenty-three hundred.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

AUGUST 29.—M. T. Rodman, Deputy City Treasurer of Brooklyn, N. Y., arrested for embezzlement of the public funds.

Boiler-explosion in a mill at Hillrood, Sweden, killing nine persons, and wounding many.

August 30.—Reports confirmed of great loss of shipping by the Nova Scotia cyclone, 22d and 23d instant. Frightful loss of life; many vessels sunk with all on board.

Discovery of a large amount of counterfeit bonds on the New York Central Railroad; Leonard Brown, a New-York broker, arrested for negotiating them.

Advices of an insurrection in the Feejee Islands, and murder of white settlers by natives.

Dispatch that M. Beule, Minister of the Interior, of France, prohibited demonstrations on the anniversary of the proclamation of the republic, September 4th.

Death, at Savannah, Ga., of Jacob N. Cardeza, a well-known Southern editor and author.

Dispatch that Admiral Lobos had withdrawn from bombarding Cartagena, Spain.

August 31.—The Spanish Cortes refuses to grant amnesty to the International insurgents.

Ten thousand Spanish government troops marching on Estella. Dispatch that the Carlites had resumed the siege of Bilbao.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Death, at Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, Va., of Daniel M. Barringer, ex-Congressman and minister to Spain under Taylor.

Five men killed by a colliery explosion at Swansea, Wales.

Dispatch that the Government of Portugal had shipped twenty-seven Spanish International refugees to Southampton, England.

Carlites enter Cantavial, and march against Caspi. Intelligence of the mutiny of a battalion of Republican chasseurs at Vich, and of the military escort of supplies for the Republicans at Berge.

Spanish Cortes adjourns until November 3d. Forty Republicans, holding a meeting at Havana, Cuba, are assaulted by a mob, and the authorities arrest the Republicans.

SEPTEMBER 2.—Six thousand Carlites advancing on Ternel, in Aragon.

Death, at Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, Va., of Chester J. Reid, ex-Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts; and at Smyrna, N. Y., of Demas Hubbard, ex-Congressman. Intelligence of the death, at Kilchattan Bay, Scotland, of John Lindsay, Director of Chancery for Scotland, and an eminent lawyer and botanist.

Reports of cholera at Millersburg and Paris, Ky., and O'Kauville, Ill.; also among the troops at Havre, France.

SEPTEMBER 3.—Death, at Little Rock, Ark., of D. Rings, the first Chief-Judge of Arkansas.

Dispatch of the capsizing of a ferry-boat on the Indus, near Kairah, India. Ninety passengers reported drowned.

Eight persons reported killed and fifteen injured by an accident on the Luxemburg Railway, Germany.

General Rigners appointed Captain-General of Madrid in place of Hidalgo. Dispatch that socialists in Andalusia had burned forty farm-houses, and committed other atrocities.

Dispatch that Vice-Admiral Yelverton, com-

manding the British fleet in Spanish waters, removed the captured iron-clads *Almazan* and *Vittoria* from Cartagena to Gibraltar, notwithstanding threats of the International Junta to open fire on him in case of their removal.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Death, at Meptic Bridge, Conn., of Colonel Hiram Appelman, late Secretary of State of Connecticut.

Advices that the revolutions in Guatemala, headed by Melgar and Palacios, had been subdued by the government.

The Duke of Harcourt appointed minister from France to Austria, and Duke Decazes to England.

A party of Germans from Strasburg attacked by a mob at Luneville, France, and several injured.

Three socialists condemned to death at Valencia, Spain.

SEPTEMBER 5.—The last instalment of the French war indemnity to Germany paid.

Forty thousand Carlites reported under arms in Spain. Dispatch that Villalon, commanding the artillery of the Republican Spanish forces at Cartagena, had resigned, having insufficient means to cope with the guns of the insurgents.

Notices.

PROGRESS IN AMERICAN IN-

VENTION.—We are informed that the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company has recently perfected and is now introducing a new and meritorious Sewing Machine, the New Wheeler & Wilson No. 6, which is constructed on novel principles, and seems destined to revolutionize the sewing machinery of manufactories.

This seems to be one of the reasons why this Company has received, at the World's Exposition, Vienna, 1873, both the *Grand Medal for Merit* and the *Grand Medal for Progress*, since receiving the highest premiums at former World's Expositions, and is the only sewing machine company recommended by the International Jury for the Grand Diploma of Honor.

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